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METRICAL PIECES,

TRANSLATED AND ORIGINAL.

BY

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Part Second.

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ABROAD.

ABROAD.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. STEPHEN, IN VIENNA.

You are old, proud pile, as you sadden and frown
O'er the modern roofs of this merry town.
You were old when the "Pilgrims" spoke the new word,
And the clay and the thatch made a house for the Lord.
You were old when the Turk stormed this western-most gate,
And it shook on its hinge for Byzantium's old fate.
Then was hurled from yon nook, through St. John Campestan,
All Europe's crusade at the fierce Mussulman.
From that lofty perch the good Stahremberg eyed
The armies of Islam encamped far and wide;—

There watched for the rescue. At length, to the
plain
Flashed the lances of Poland, the guns of Lorraine.

You are old, proud pile; but older is called
That stump of a tree from the Wienerwald,
Which grew when the shades of the forest fell
On the spot where these joys and grandeurs dwell.
It stands immured between shops of the street,
Where the press is the greatest of hurrying feet.
Of yore, each apprentice drove a nail here,
As he started forth on his Wander-Year:
Hence this son of the earth, so runs the tale,
Stands all complete, in an iron mail.

I pause in your square, and look up at your height,
O minster! on this my farewell night;
And lo! the North Star, from its post sublime,
Looks calm disdain on all dates of time.

VIENNA, Aug. 6, 1859.

THE CATHEDRAL AT VIENNA.

The monster eagle spreads his wing,
St. Stephen, on thy roof,
With double beak, a twofold king,
Mosaic warp and woof.

It gazes east, it gazes west,
Its black plumes rough with pride;
Methinks it screams, "I set my nest
Where none shall sit beside."

Beneath that roof, by the Holy Host,
Lies a figure sadly grand;
The motto of a matchless boast
Is in its sceptred hand.

For on that sceptre's round I trace,
In mystic letters curled,
This: "It is Austria's topmost place
To rule the subject world."

But late I walked the Imperial hall
Where Learning sits in state:
What wonders upon floor and wall,
With scarce on earth its mate!

But, ah, what statues wound the eye,
Each in his marble mail!
Gods of the place, for men to cry,
"We bless you, and all hail!"

There is no student, and no seer;
No son of Right and Light;
Not one, who drew the heavens more near,
Or made the earth more bright.

The bigot, tyrant, and their tool
Are here the great in fame;
They who by craft and force would rule,
Through rapine, blood, and flame.

The Second Philip glooms aloft;
Fierce Tilly keeps his sword;
And, less than his stone cuirass soft,
Alva outglooms his lord.

But hark! The battle's roar and wail
Swell on the Alpine blast,
And shadows stern and colors pale
O'er gay Vienna cast.

The eagle on St. Stephen's tiles
Looks tattered now, and sore;
The sceptre in St. Stephen's aisles
Drops clattering on its floor.

'Tis filled, the splendid Bibliothek,
With echoes deep and dull;
So that each statue's stubborn neck
Quakes on the pedestal.

Be just, my Muse! New-England veins
Burn against tyrant wrong:
New-England thought should weigh the gains
That slowliest creep along;

And own that oft some blessing still
Will mix with bitterest fates,
And some worst forms of human ill
Are destinies and dates.

The Muses' seat, where those grim three
Strangely adorn the Muse,
Has simple rooms all open free
For simplest students' use.

The vast cathedral's vaulted cope,
With monument and shrine,
Gives aid to millions' faith and hope,
If an affront to mine.

Those mighty bastions, the proud works
Our States so proudly lack,
Were the world's wall against the Turks,
And rolled the terror back.

Austria! I reach thy friendly bound,
I harshly judged and banned,
And cast a softened eye around
Upon thy pleasant land.

Land of the mountains' steepy crest,
The generous river's flow,
With sheaves of plenty on her breast,
And vine-leaves on her brow.

Land of a comely, stalwart race,
Where Music holds a court,
And Order throws a guardian grace
Round Industry and Sport.

Here Science may invent and find,
Its many schools among;
And Art reveals a busy mind,
And Letters find a tongue.

The Drama weaves her magic dress
In purest Attic hues:
All German hearts thy power confess,
Grillparzer's Tragic Muse!

Mozart, the whole earth's minstrel, rings
In his own Salzburg's chimes;
And Auersperg, the noble, sings
The praise of freer climes.

Though given to priests and despot kings,
Do not my strain refuse, —
A freeman's wish for better things,
A stranger's last adieus.

THE "CHARTREUSE" ON THE LAKE OF THUN.

Inscriptions in different parts of the grounds: —

"Per angusta ad augusta."

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet."

"Louisen's Ruhe."

No more of cities, with their proud cathedrals,
And pomp and pleasures of their trampled ways.
Of bounds of empire, and of nations' quarrels,
I write no more. Upon "Louisa's Rest"
Alone I sit. Its canopy of thatch
Fends off the sun; while tender memories,

That are not mine, seem floating vaguely round me.
A sweeter picture looks from out the lake
Than hangs within the famed Pinacothek
Of Munich, or in Dresden's long-drawn halls.
Before me rise the domes and pinnacles
Of nature's temples to the God of nature,
From his own hand; all shining stainless white,
So as no art on earth could whiten them.
No sound is there but of the lighting snow,
And driving wind, and avalanche. No wing
Of bird can scale those inaccessible heights,
Or beat in that thin air. Man plants no footstep
Upon those trackless wastes; claims no dominion
O'er these wide bounds. Here his pretension stops.

I gaze upon you with unsated eye,
Ye changeless, ever changing on the sight!
Far on the better hand, the Blumlis Alp
Spreads its vast slopes, and closes up the scene
On that side. Full in front, and on the left,
Stand forth the wondrous Three, to me the peerless.

Eastmost, the Eiger with his rigid share
Furrows the sky. The Monk is next in place,
Not all unfitly named. The cowl hangs down
Over its ample brow. The folded snows
Are sleeves and trailing garments. But the Maid!
O crown of beauty! If the Savoyard
Is called the king of mountains, surely thee
All hearts pay homage to, and hail as queen.
Say, is it fancy only, as, methinks,
The Jungfrau wears the semblance of a woman?
Or who will think I lower it, when I trace
This gentlest likeness on so dread a height?
A pale face, not too pale for beauty, shines,
Framed round in shadows, near the mountain's top;
The top itself a covering for the head,
Slightly aslant set on, as best becomes it;
The white plume floating down o'er miles of space.

And now I go, looking my last upon you.
I saw you through the haze from Rigi Culm;
You rose in pride o'er tinkling Interlaken,

And talked to me across the Wengern Alp.
And this is past. My blessing be on those,
Who in all time shall thus salute and leave you.
I shall see other mountains; Wetterhorns,
Schreckhorns; and Faulhorns, that men love to climb;
Some sprinkled scantily with frost, and some
Thick with eternal winter; others yet,
Enormous saws of sharp and splintered crag,
Which the soft snows refuse to cover up,
With ruin at their feet, — like lubber giants,
That stone the traveller, and crush the village
Of wretched dwellers in such wretched spots.
Mont Blanc will tower o'er narrow Chamounix,
And stretch to far Sallenche its breadths of glory.
But you, ye matchless Three, I lose for ever,
Save in the memory of this scene and hour.

Farewell thy leafy quiet, and thy lake
Rimmed as with sculptured silver, sweet Chartreuse.

SEPT. 9, 1859.

NAPLES.

"Auf der Magdalenenbrücke,
Wo Neapels kleiner Fluss
Sich zum grossen Golfo windet,
Steht Sankt Januarius.
Und, die schöne Stadt im Rücken,
Die zu schirmen sein Beruf,
Wendet er den steingehau'nen
Finger auf nach dem Vesuv,
Ihn bedräuend, dass er schone
Mit dem Aschenregenguss
Diese Stadt, die schutzbefohlne
Des Sankt Januarius."

RÜCKERT.

ALL night the rage of wind and sea
Roared on your coast, Parthenope!
O fair and formidable shore!
Right well a Siren's name you bore.
They sang and slew; and showed the bones
Of victims to their magic tones.
Well your Medusa's look you wear,

With lovely face and snaky hair.*
Strown o'er with wrecks of ancient pride,
Rocked by earth-waves from side to side,
Your half-disburied cities show
What wealth and ruin lie below.

'Tis just two yesterdays of years
Since Naples shook with panic fears;
Nature, with throes. Into the street
She poured her throngs of tottering feet;
All rushing for the broadest square,
To meet the rumbling horror there.
Her Saint Gennaro, so 'tis said,
Turned off the peril from her head,
And hurled far south the fiery tide,
Where towns were sunk, and thousands died.
So reads the pictured tablet, set

* This favorite symbol of the Neapolitans is repeated no less than eight times, in large relief, on the walls of the Theatre of San Carlo.

By the old market-square, which yet
Tells of the tumults it has seen,—
Masaniello's rabble mean,
And thy sharp fate, O noble Conradin! *
I saw — 'twas at the annual feast
Of the Deliverer — saw his priest
Hand round the blood, not liquid now,
And press its vase to lip and brow
Of coming crowds. The chapel shrine
Blazed with its lights; and to their shine
Rich silver shapes, of sculpture rare,
Gleamed through the incense of the air.

A city full of life! But, oh,
What life? It must be seen to know.
A dreary penury of aught
To glad the sense or lift the thought.

---

* In the church Santa Maria del Carmine, which overlooks the Square, stands a beautiful statue of the unfortunate prince, modelled by Thorwaldsen.

What form can show, what manner please,
What clean thing live, in ways like these?
I eye no honest dirt askance,
But ask one inch for elegance.
If Italy be fair of show,
Its people scarcely make it so;
But here, it is as if its scum
Had slunk into a general home.
I speak not of the beggar-crowd,
Or shameless vice, abroad and loud,
Or a large class in squalor laid,
Which happiest lands must bear and aid;
But try the common mould to trace,
And read "Ignoble" in its face.
Italian beauty poorly strives
Here to find representatives.
Few can be seen, in form or face,
Expressive look or moving grace;
The beauties of the lovely bay
Are all the charms that bear to stay.

Poor Mola's humble streets unfold
More than all Naples seems to hold.

Naples! If that great Providence,
To this weak hour my strong defence,
Will bring me safe from thine abode,
I leave this blessing on the road:
May the pent fire, that smokes from earth,
And gave thy proud volcano birth;
That heats the baths at Baiæ found,
From boiling gulfs far underground;
That roars abroad its warning note
From Solfatara's hellish throat, —
Restrain its wrath! That Titan might
Which reared a mountain in a night,
Raise no such peak within thy gates,
Till doomed so by yet distant Fates!
And thou, aloft in sulphurous air,
This noisy nest, Destroyer, spare!

NAPLES, Dec. 18, 1859.

ROME IN HEXAMETERS.

1860.

"O ROME!" no "country" of mine; no "city of the soul," to my thinking.
You boast the enormous wrecks of luxury long since departed,
And of the idol worships, — all dead, like the people who paid them, —
And the ferocious Arena, that made you the horror of nations.
Why see not that you yourself are only traditions and leavings?
Daily you dig into tombs and ashes of past generations:
When will you rise from the grave of dusty and puerile legends?
When will you snap the withes of a priest's decrepit dominion.

All the world rings with the praise of your gorgeous churches. So let it.
But there's a different voice, that has something to say on its own side.
Santa Maria Maggior' and San Giovan' Laterano,
And that latest wasteful show, San Paolo "fuori le mura," —
Basilicas call them, and well; or galleries of art, I will walk there;
But churches, temples for solemn thought and humble devotion, —
Much is there wanting to that. And thou, O wondrous St. Peter's!
How can I call thee the "ark of worship," worthiest the Godhead?
So vast thou art, that he who would learn to feel all thy vastness
Must from far Tivoli gaze. There mark, from the ridges of olives,
How all majestic Rome lies sunk behind the horizon;

Only that matchless dome breaks across the level Campagna,
Most like a gallant ship sailing over the waste of the waters.
Come now within the nave. How huge! how symmetric! how splendid!
But where is the spirit-life of deep religious expression?
What does it say to the heart, and to all that is highest within us?
Built to the praise and glory of Popes, the dead and the dying,
Little it tells of the Father who evermore shall be, and shall be.*
Little it shows of Christ, humanity's guide and consoler.
Paintings in shining stone, and marbles more than palatial;

---

* "Heilig ist, heilig, heilig, Der der seyn wird, und seyn wird."
KLOPSTOCK'S MESSIAH.

Statues gigantic, with forms not always becoming to show there;

Columns of twisted bronze, arch, shrine, and monuments priceless,

Deck a colossal toy;—less a toy, for all that it measures?

Leda's swan we may trace on the lofty doors at the entrance;

Far within, a statue reclines, so richly profane in its beauty,

New art has draped the form of the first bold artist's conception.

An idol Jove, it is said, makes the equal idol St. Peter.

The apostle was never in Rome, if we heed what the learned have told us:

What would he think, if now he could see his pretended successor

Storming, with pillage and death, the town* that would none of his kingship;

---

* Perugia.

Darting at princes and peoples the flash of his theatre-lightning;
Palanquined, and be-peacocked and crowned with his triple tiara?

Rome, dear to the studious and curious, — the scholar, artist, and poet, —
What city is loaded like you with stern and mournful reflections?
Farewell! I regret you not. Enough of your catacombs, "scavi,"
Columbarias, crypts, and vaults, and all your underground gropings.
Enough of your mounting steps, two hundred and more to a staircase;
Of inscriptions hard to read, and far too many to compass;
Of Forum ruins, that changed half their names since last I beheld them;
Of facts that never took place, and things not what they would pass for.

Enough of your mendicant crowds, and Beppo, the king of the beggars;
Your Carnival's childish sport, and solemn papal processions.
"Loggie" of Raphael no more shall wear out the patience of eyesight,
Nor Michael's blurred and confused monstrosity there in the "Sistine."
No more of your damp, narrow streets, that scarce feel the ray of the noontide;
No more of the spirit's chill from the breadths of your desolate places.

O Rome, be more just to the invalid!* Tempt him not hither,
To toil up the steps of your dark, cold stones for the purchase of sunshine;
While palace, gallery, and church are full of discomfort and danger.

---

* Theodore Parker.

Go on to your destined end, with no part in the progress of nations!

A new Apocalypse Vision now bears its burden against you.

See! Rome of the Cæsars fell. Hark! cracks in the Rome of the Pontiffs.

ILLUMINATION OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE.

March 29, 1860.

High festival in Florence!
For her Piedmont Prince has come;
And the idle city's shouting
Drowns the working city's hum.

And all day long a festal throng
Has poured into the street,
The new-born hopes of Tuscany
To look upon, and greet;

With tapestries from windows,
And flags from every wall, —
Though scant the aid of war-parade,
Drum, cannon, trumpet-call;

But patriot songs were in the air,
And green boughs in the hand,
To hail the Lily City
Of a duke-expelling land.

Lo, now the night! and rows of light
Shot forth their level beam;
And Ponte Vecchio's arches span
With fire the Arno stream.

Fiesole is sparkling
From her most distant height,
And San Miniato's holy steep
Reveals a lovely sight:

Her solemn church looks smiling
From its station near and high,
Where Michael Angelo's battered tower
Burns its image on the sky.

The ribs of Brunelleschi's dome
Are rounded out in flame,
That tracks the long sweep of that pile
Of beauty and of fame.

Come to the fortress-palace
In the proud grand-ducal square,
And gaze upon the lordly tower
And its strange lustre there.

A sight of wonder! For the lamps,
From the hollow of their cup,
Throw their illuminating power
Not round and wide, but up;

So that the wall's grim thickness
Transparent seemed to be,
As if some inward glow stole through
All fairy-like to see;

While battlement and column,
E'en to the topmost stone,
And the deep machicolations,
In starry splendor shone.

The lights grew pale at midnight,
And at daybreak they were gone;
But on the climbing lion's staff
The Union flag waved on.

Be it so with thee, Etruria,
In this thy joyous hour;
And more than flashed in festival
Be riveted in power!

A power that, but to shield and bless,
Shall spread its ample fold,
But for the right its tricolor
And silver cross unrolled.

And, oh, may hopes of noble hearts,
For Italia free and one,
Not fail like those poor cressets,
But beam a steady sun!

HOSPENTHAL.

Full dawn upon the heights of St. Gothard!
Wild Nature and rude Life!
And close-heaped dwellings where few comforts are
Seemed with them both at strife.

The desolate church spoke little to the soul;
And yet its claim would put,
When the quaint round-tower on its rocky knoll
Invited not the foot.

The stranger entered, peering dimly round;
No being met his sight;
No sign of motion and no breath of sound
Stirred in that early light.

He walked and gazed and mused awhile, when, look!
In funeral trappings dressed,
A child its last mysterious slumber took,
Christ's emblems on its breast.

Close by the altar's steps they laid it out, —
Out from all harm and dearth, —
And nearer than elsewhere, they did not doubt,
To the God of heaven and earth.

He was not now alone; the newly dead
A strange, sad presence made,
Which all night long its unheard lesson read,
Through the deep double shade.

No, not alone: lo, spirits back from the Lord,
A loved, lamented crowd!
He bent, like Jacob, o'er his staff, and poured
His matin-prayer aloud.

FESTIVAL OF ST. AGNES,

AT HER CHURCH WITHOUT THE WALLS.

"O virgo felix, O nova gloria,
Cœlestis arcis nobilis incola."
INSCRIPTION OVER THE TRIBUNE.

O QUAINTEST and most ancient fane,
Whose simple beauty rears
The memory of a pure life slain,
Through thrice five hundred years!

I journey down the stairs' long line
Beneath the hollow ground;
For what I deemed the dusky shrine
Of holy Agnes bound.

But the half-buried church is bright
With many a candle's ray,
And windows high pour on the sight
The purer blaze of day.

Nothing is dark or saddening there,
Nothing is worn or old;
Lo! colors rich and marbles rare,
And virgin white and gold.

No faded frescoes stain the wall,
No blackened paintings grim;
'Twas glittering as a festival,
And warming as a hymn.

The sculptured Maid within her arm
Her typic lamb caressed;
While music, with its living charm,
The silent pageant blest.

And, see, two lambs to the altar brought!
Not for a victim's fate,
But to express a gentle thought,
And to be consecrate.

Thus, yearly, keeps this ancient fane,
With garlands, light, and song,
The memory of one pure life slain,
So tenderly and long.

And thus, without the Roman wall,
To all the world it saith:
"Behold what shining honors fall
Round Innocence and Faith!"

JAN. 21, 1860.

BOSTON

IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

It is not for what you are or do,
Or for any treasures rare,
That I turn my steps and heart to you;
But for the name you bear.

Ancestral name! that must cross the sea,
Its farthest fame to know;
And to other soil transplanted be,
That its proudest branch might grow.

It is not that your minster pile
Looks proudly towards the deep;
The loftiest of all Britain's isle
In valley or on steep.

But that beneath that lordly tower
A simple chapel stands,
Which binds with an atoning power
Two great and kindred lands.

In days long gone, it caught the sound
Of COTTON'S earnest tongue;
Now freshly is his memory found
His wonted haunts among.

Prelatic England drove him forth
Beyond the Western main;
Free-thoughted England owns his worth,
And bids him back again.

Back in the name the chapel wears, —
Proscribed, and then forgot.
That tablet's face more than repairs
The honors of the spot.

For here from far the inscription came
By our statesman-scholar sent,
Reading, "Lest longer such a name
Should stay in banishment." *

The brazen plate, so simply grand,
Is framed in Norman stone;
The characters from English land,
The writer from our own.

Stand, of forgotten feuds the sign,
And the world's brighter age,
Within this reconciling shrine,
Thou quaintly graven page!

Say, that henceforth the soul's full thought
Need not in silence die;
Nor one true man, all conscience fraught,
Must suffer or must fly.

---

* "Ne tanti viri nomen diutius exularet."

Say, that two sovereign powers unite,
Each on her ocean shore,
To keep faith, friendship, freedom, bright
Henceforth for evermore.

Hail and farewell, St. Butolph's fane,
Seen in my thoughts so long!
They failed to span your broad domain,
And did your grandeur wrong.

Hail and farewell, St. Butolph's town!
How dear is that parent name!
'Tis a well-favored brow I crown
With that auspicious claim.

July, 1860.

HOMEWARD

FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

"Then I said, I shall die in my nest."
JOB xxix. 18.

THERE are they who have left their sweet home,
Through these strange, distant places to roam,
And no more back, no more, ever come;
And I sigh, with their memory oppressed,
"Let me die in my nest."

When the troubles of nature are rife,
And the heart with itself is at strife,
For then Death is in conflict with Life,
I submit to the sovereign behest,
But would die in my nest.

Where within me the first thoughts were dreamed,
And upon me Affection first beamed,
And through blossoms and tears my spring teemed;
Amid scenes and companions loved best,
I would die in my nest.

Not in lands with a speech not my own,
Where the sights that are newest look lone;
But where all most familiar had grown
To my eyes and the throbs of my breast, —
Shall I die in that nest?

They will say, "It is one to the wise
From what country the freed spirit flies,
For the way is the same to the skies;" —
Truths to faith and to reason addressed, —
But alas! for the nest.

Oh, methinks it would glad the last gaze,
To be circled with friends of old days,

And the spots that are gilt with the rays
That stream from the sun of the West
O'er the down of my nest!

And I hear a propitious decree;
And the blessing I hoped for shall be;
For I smell the wide air of the sea.
There is land o'er the waves' foamy crest:
"I shall die in my nest."

HOMILIES IN VERSE.

HOMILIES IN VERSE.

I.

"ARISE AND EAT."

"Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee."
1 KINGS xix. 7.

"THE journey is too great for thee,"
The prophet heard;
And all may list in secrecy
The self-same word.

Life's way and work lie forward spread
In Duty's sight;
And who but needs more strength to stead,
And fuller light?

And grant no lack of view or force, —
We faint in will;
And so the sweep of that great course
We fail to fill.

The weary tracts of pain and grief
Will stretch far through,
Till the flesh sinks beyond relief,
And the heart too.

The tangled paths of many a care
Wind slow about;
And straight in front, lo! flinty fare
And foggy doubt;

And hindrances the firmest tread
Will oft beset;
And perils with a deeper dread
The dear life threat.

" The journey is too great for thee "!
Beyond the bounds
Where Time parts from Immensity
Its measured grounds.

Oh, then that other word attend!
Its offer meet; —
The calling of an angel-friend:
" Arise and eat."

Eat of the fruits of holy trust
In heavenly good;
Not grown of dust, to mould to dust,
But angels' food.

That food shall nerve both limb and heart
When faint with fear;
And pour through each immortal part
Its power and cheer.

Thus, girt with zeal, the travelling soul,
With patience shod,
Arrives at Horeb's distant goal,
The mount of God.

II.

"WASH YE ONE ANOTHER'S FEET."

"WASH ye one another's feet,"
Speaks the Lord from his high seat,
As he spoke long years before
On that upper chamber's floor,
When he, with a bowing knee,
Taught the twelve who first should be.
Not the bold all things to dare
For power to win and crowns to wear;
Not the strong though liberal doer,
Of a generous praise the wooer,
Making worthy acts the pleas
To be called "Evergetes."

Not the rich, who proudly throws
Largesses from what he owes
To poor and sick and halt and blind,
And all the claims of human kind;
Not the lordliest in his state,
With princes at his palace-gate:
He has shown us who are his,
By the lowliest offices.

"Wash ye one another's feet?
Service but for menials meet."
So we judge, and so we say, —
And so far from him astray,
Who made clients of the weak,
Speaking as none e'er could speak.
Friendly help and service wide
Oft we sully with our pride;
Loving, while we aid, to show;
And as betters to bestow.
Stooping, as not condescending,
Is the truest of befriending;

And the Master's praise is writ
On the humblest benefit,
As the kneeling service shines
With diamonds from spirit-mines.

"Not feet only," Peter said;
"But my hands, Lord, and my head."
No: the feet alone have need,
Stained with dust or strained with speed.
For the rest, himself must care,
Or the fault is his to bear.

List the lessons that are here,
Overlooked, but simple, clear.
Let your hand be there alert,
Where one's own is inexpert,
Strength least able, sight most dim,—
There go minister to him.
But of doing that take heed,
Which should be his own free deed:

Meaning good, but working ill,
You may lame and laze his will;
Leading towards that wretched end,—
To be shiftless, and depend.

So this Christian story holds
Wisdom in its slenderest folds;
From one action's little span
Counselling the world of man.

PARIS, Ascension Day, 1860, May 17.

III.

"THINE EYES SHALL SEE THE KING."

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty,
And the land that is very far off."
ISAIAH xxxiii. 17.

STAND thou but clad and begirt for thy duty,
Till all vestures of Time thou must doff;
Then thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty,
And the land that is very far off.

Not "they shall see the King in his glory," —
'Twere more than those eyes might bide;
His face bears the touch of a mortal story,
And 'twas love that scarred his side.

As far away from thought as appearance
Lie the scenes of that prophet clime;
Behind these mountains of interference,
Beyond these rivers of Time.

We wander in error and weakness and vanity,
No courage to move, and no patience to stand:
When shall we see that King of humanity,
And tread his invisible land?

Now, in the broad high places of Feeling;
Now, in kind, self-forgetting Deeds, —
There lie the realms of the Spirit's revealing;
This is the lesson the Spirit reads.

Zurich, August 19.

IV.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

> "Cast thy bread upon the waters;
> For thou shalt find it after many days."
>
> ECCL. xi. 1.

I.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Food for Penury's sons and daughters;
Nor on its drowning crumbs mistrustful gaze,
For thou shalt find it after many days.

Sail thine aid across the billows,
For famished mouths and fevered pillows;
Then watch it back over those streetless ways,
For thou shalt find it after many days.

Sink thy corn within the furrow
Of labor faithful, patience thorough;
And trust it to great Nature's drops and rays,
For thou shalt find it after many days.

Fix Life's purpose steady; never
Turn thee from its keen endeavor;
The prize is reached through baffles and delays,
And thou shalt find it after many days.

II.

Not the aid which thou bestowest;
Not the very seed thou sowest;
Not just the prize thy doting heart portrays,—
Thou wilt not find these after many days.

Nobler stores and growths and prizes
Lie in what the soul devises;
For this hath spheres that show no waning phase,
Nor own dependence on these mortal days.

Crave from Fortune no indenture;
Boldly on, and venture, venture!
Who scants his pains and risks for heavenly praise,
Finds naught but pains and losses all his days.

Trust! Let not weak Expectation
Take the place of that strong station:
The peace that's free from this world's hurt and craze
Thou'lt find above, where there are no more days.

V.

MORNING.

"And Samuel lay until the morning, and *then* opened the doors of the house of the Lord." — 1 Sam. iii. 15.

Open the doors of the house your home;
Bid the fresh air and the sun, "Welcóme."
There's no need of the caution that kept the bars tight,
For the prowlers have fled at the presence of light;
Lo! the phantoms of dreams can no longer affright,
And the weeping of sorrow endures but a night:
Open the doors of the house.

Open the doors of the house of the senses:
Hence the dull mufflers, no more their defences!
Upon Nature and Life open widely your eyes,
And your ears to their speech and their melodies;
Taste and Smell run along the live web of their ties,
And the cells of the Touch feel their magic supplies:
Open the doors of the house.

Open the doors of the house of the Lord!
Reason and Liberty wake restored.
Let the soul now a nobler career begin,
With more love to show and more worth to win.
Banish out every spirit to darkness akin;
Let the guests and the angels come trooping in:
Open the doors of the house.

HYMNS.

HYMNS.

I.

FOR THE ORDINATION OF MR. EDWARD J. YOUNG AS PASTOR OF THE CHANNING CONGREGATION CHURCH IN NEWTON, JUNE 18, 1857.

THE Bible's storied page,—
  How clear its pictures rise,
Glow in the heart of every age,
  And moisten in its eyes!

The Bible's poet-strain
  Flows forth in truths divine:
Before it but in dusky wane
  Earth's proudest fictions shine.

The Bible's lighted law,
And promise from above!
What mortal word so strikes with awe,
So sanctifies with love?

This is the Word we preach;
The Word that's here ordained
With healing aid the soul to reach,
When weak and sore and strained.

Oh, bless thy servant, Lord,
Now humbly set apart
To meditate and press this Word
With mind and will and heart!

And on thy people here
Thy Spirit-seal impress,
In reverent hope and holy cheer,
In faith and righteousness.

II.

FOR THE CHILDREN. JAN. 22, 1858.

THE children, from the mothers' arms,
Within the Saviour's arms were pressed;
Thus doubly screened from fears and harms,
Devoutly brought, divinely blessed.

The children in the temple cried
Hosanna to Messiah, King;
And he who blessed them justified
The homage which they sought to bring.

We all are children, Father, now, —
All ignorant and of yesterday;
And orphan children, but that Thou
Our souls shalt on thy bosom lay.

And while, with lowliest worship, still
Our glad but solemn hymns we raise,
That ancient word to us fulfil, —
From feeblest lips "ordaining praise."

III.

SUNG IN THE FEDERAL-STREET MEETING-HOUSE, ON THE LAST SUNDAY OF ITS USE FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP, MARCH 13, 1859.

Farewell, ye walls! though, in your sacred square,
The feet of many a saint have loved to walk;
Farewell, ye walls! though through your charmèd air,
Echoes, and more than echoes, seem to talk.

Oh! not within the house that man has reared,
Or man has hallowed, is God's Spirit bound:
It runs and sanctifies, adored, endeared;
For ever present and sufficient found.

Nor let us think, that all the fervid speech
The preacher utters when his triumphs come,
Has more of human worth, or heavenly reach,
Than the heart's prayer that rises and is dumb.

We thank thee, Father, for thy good gifts here,
In spoken word and feeling unexpressed:
Let thy full grace be, as aforetime, near;
Go with our steps, and lodge where'er we rest.

Now lift the ark, God's testimonial sign,
May union hold it by its golden rings;
His law laid up within its awful shrine,
Its lid arched over with the cherubs' wings!

IV.

FOR THE UNITARIAN FESTIVAL, MUSIC HALL, MAY 24, 1859.

What blessings rare surround,
In every widening bound,
Our own dear land!
While the old hemisphere

Rings battle on the ear,
We sing our mercies here,
A social band.

Lord, thy best gifts increase!
Our freedom, safety, peace,
Rest in thy hand.
We ask for that success
Which leans on righteousness,
And so alone can bless, —
A reverent band.

Lo, Spring with songs and flowers!
Earth blooms in all her bowers,
With beauty spanned.
These glories we would greet
With thoughts as rich and sweet,
While here we warmly meet,
A festive band.

A household faith we own
Before a Father's throne:
In that we stand.
His will we humbly trace,
With thanks for all his grace,
And love to all our race, —
A Christian band.

V.

FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP OF THE THIRD UNITARIAN SOCIETY, NEW YORK, DEC. 25, 1863.

One Father, God, we own;
One Spirit evermore;
One Christ, with manger, cross, and throne,
The Light, the Way, the Door.

In souls we hail his birth;
'Tis now he comes again:
His kingdom is the convert earth,
His Church all faithful men.

The Scriptures thus we read;
Of strangest powers compiled,
To mould the heart, and clear the creed
Of earth's frail, clouded child.

Its essence, not its writ,
Our sovereign rule we call;
Not fastening down all truth to it,
But widening it to all.

With this free reverence, Lord,
In Christly church estate,
With earnest, brotherly accord,
These walls we dedicate.

To prayer and holy thought;
Affections set above;
To faiths from highest fountains brought,
And works of widest love.

Thy presence, Father, make
The refuge and supply;
And for thy Truth and Mercy's sake
Build on, and sanctify.

VI.

FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEDICATION OF NEW SOUTH CHURCH, DEC. 25, 1864.

What sacred thoughts awake!
What dear affections flow!
We read how much they give and take,
These years that come and go.

The voices that we hear
Long died in turn away;
And forms removed from mortal sphere
Sit shadowy round to-day.

O God, the Shepherd! Thou
Art evermore the same:
Thy staff is comfort here and now,
And guiding is thy name.

The New Year soon again
Rolls up its growing sun;
The Church has joined the shining twain,—
That orb and Christ,— in one.

Shine on, O twofold beam!
Spread cheer, good-will, and trust:
Be Christ the light, when dates are dream,
And builded earth is dust.

VII.

FOR THE UNITED COMMUNION SERVICE AT HOLLIS-STREET CHURCH, MAY 27, 1866.

COMMUNION when we meet
Around this loaf and wine,
With memory for its lowly seat,
And love its lofty sign.

Communion when we part:
It ne'er can shrink nor break;
For, Saviour, all thou wast thou art,
And always for our sake.

Communion every hour
With all that's good and true;
Its food, — we taste its constant power;
Its joy, — "we drink it new."

And what of bitter bread,
Of cups that sorrows be,
When courage shall lift up the head,
And patience bow the knee?

And when, life's troubles past,
Its glories but a mist,
Then, Father, may we spread our last,
Our lowliest, eucharist.

VIII.

FOR THE LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF A CHURCH, APRIL 4, 1867.

On what were built these worlds of sight,
With solid walls and shafts of light:
When morning stars and sons of God
Sang forth to hail man's first abode?

O Spirit of the worlds unseen,
Where only minds and souls have been!
To more than mortal sense make known
Thy gracious face, thy righteous throne.

O Church of Christ! our sign and stay
Through Time and Fate's great trial-day,
Disclose where, for our troubled breasts,
The chief stone of the corner rests.

O Father, be each helpful word
As thine own inspiration heard!
And every truth sustaining made,
As thine own witness surely laid!

Be all these fair material things,
And all that Faith must reach with wings,
And all the past and all to come,
One heavenly reign, one human home.

XENIA.

XENIA.

WITH A MEERSCHAUM.

One sea said to another:
"Let us contribute, brother,
And make a 'porte-cigarre'
For a poet's home afar.
I will supply the amber
From out my chymic chamber;
Your best 'sea-foam' prepare,
And that shall be your share;
Thus I've an emblem brought
Of his clear and colored thought,

As your white meerschaum shall be
Of his stainless probity.
A lion's head not ill
Will show his strength of will."
Now though you may refuse
The unwonted tube to use,
And the skill wherewith 'tis wrought
Should so pass clean for naught;
Yet take it, — and that ends it, —
For the sake of the love that sends it.

Brussels, August, 1860.

WITH A HAIR BRACELET.

From two dear heads is wrought this braid
Around your wrist to set,
As if a trinket would be made
A loving amulet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN BEHALF OF "THE HOME FOR DESTITUTE AND INCURABLE WOMEN."

INCURABLE! Sweet Nature's healing forces
Struck at the root, and wasted at the spring;
While Art and Science, with their grand resources,
No means can study out, no rescue bring.

Incurable! The fatal word is spoken
That smites the faint heart with its flat despair;
Yet it is heard with spirit not all broken,
If Gratitude and Faith their solace bear.

Waken that thankfulness in Misery's daughters,
Which, more than expectation, holds us up;
Direct the flow of ever-living waters
To fill the hollow of their earthen cup.

Nature and flesh, in sinking, do not alter
The thoughts that rise beyond decay and pain;
And, when the leech's cunning fingers falter,
Eternal hands the inward life sustain.

Sharp the distress, as desperate the condition,
Of those who here lie at the Beautiful Gate,
And from the name of Him, the Great Physician,
With patient eyes their whole deliverance wait.

That name is Mercy. Show your portion of it:
Aid your poor sisters in their sorest need;
And so join with Apostle and with Prophet,
Who bore its message and fulfilled its deed.

Small is their hope but in the upper dwelling;
Too weak to labor, and too lame to roam:
Let not the record that's on high be telling
You grudged the weary feet a transient "HOME."

ODE.

SUNG IN FANEUIL HALL, JULY 4, 1857.

Tune, — "*Hail Columbia.*"

HARK! the Patriot Fathers' call
Fills and stirs the echoing hall.
No thin or ghost-like voice is theirs,
No thin or ghost-like voice is theirs.
It sounds from many a sacred fane,
Trenchèd hill and tented plain.
It sounds in words of cheer and strife,
That breathed and spread a nation's life
Farther east than pilgrim graves,
West to the Pacific's waves.

CHORUS.

One and all, and all as one,
Clustered States, your high course run!
Hold your safeguards still in sight:
Union, Order, God and Right.

See! the Patriot Fathers rise;
Mark the triumph of their eyes
At all the rapid wonders wrought,
At all the rapid wonders wrought.
For broader, brighter than their dreams,
Freedom's banner floats and beams.
Forms colossal, they expand,
Like our empire's lakes and land;
Their high looks are charge and prayers
For us, their sons, and more than heirs.

CHORUS.

One and all, and all as one, &c.

Lo, we catch their noble strain!
Lo, their strong shades walk again,
As their proud days survey our own,
As their proud days survey our own!
We praise their far-eyed wisdom's thought,
Speech that thundered, hands that fought.
Farmer, trader, artisan,
French and Dutch and German man,
Sons and strangers, join to say
What drum and cannon speak to-day:

CHORUS.

One and all, and all as one,
Clustered States, your high course run!
Hold your safeguards still in sight:
Union, Order, God and Right.

TO ——.

ONCE your unconscious baby brow
I wet with Christ's pure sign;
Your graceful art, in turn, is now
Scanning and tracing mine;

And ripening beauty, growing powers,
Paint on this album's page
The tracks of long since perished hours,
The shrinking lines of age.

The blessing then pronounced and sought,
So many miles away,
I bring before my silent thought,
And write it here to-day.

The hand which guides that slender quill
Grasp every strong defence;
Directed by a duteous will
And washed in innocence!

The eye that sees so quick and true
Find all life's colors soft;
The earth spread round in loveliest hue,
And heaven in light aloft!

But if some evil, lurking by,
Should make those fingers weak;
And grief or pain should dim the eye,
And blanch the blooming cheek;

May Patience near thee take her seat,
And Hope stand looking up,
And smiling thoughts pour forth their sweet
Into that solemn cup.

And when the snows of years shall steal
Upon thy vernal prime,
More may the soul its pinions feel,
And triumph over time.

FLORENCE, Nov. 20, 1859.

SAINT CECILIA.

I saw thee in Bologna's halls,
By Raphael's art portrayed,
Let drop the charming instruments
Thy skilful hand had played,
Listening to music more divine
Than man had ever made.

I loved that lifted, raptured face,
Loved what that scene expressed;
For sure, the symphonies of heaven
Must ever be the best,
And there come strains from upper air
To every hearkening breast.

But there's another mystic tale,
Not told in magic paint;
It rises on my heart in tints
Not meaningless nor faint,

And brings me closer to thy side,
Cecilia, minstrel saint!

She holds a bunch of flowers aloft,
Richer than earth's can be;
And none but the believing eye
Those matchless blooms can see;
She turns her face to mine, and thus
She cheers and counsels me: —

The world is full of fragrant gifts
Which sensual eyes can ne'er discern;
But Faith the envious veil uplifts,
And man his truest vision then may learn:
Faith sees the flowers.

The air is full of odors fine,
Which coarsest senses cannot miss;
And yet there needs a touch divine
To trace their source, or to receive their bliss:
Faith sees the flowers.

But there are weeds and thorny ground,
And vapors foul swoop from the sky;
And when we ask where Hope is found,
Or why these noisome, sad distempers? — why? —
Faith yet finds flowers.

When grief is choking at the throat,
And fear is knocking at the heart,
And shattering thoughts the brain have smote,
And loss, disaster, pain, inflict their smart, —
Faith sees the flowers;

And when the powers and senses fail,
The end of earth now close at hand,
The flush of life all deathly pale, —
Faith, in the gardens of the better land,
Shall see the flowers.

NAPLES, Sunday, Dec. 11, 1859.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

Ah, my strong saint, who would'st not deign to serve
Aught but the strongest! I behold thee there,
With thy broad shoulders and thy giant form.
Thou hadst no wit nor knowledge; couldst not learn
What the priests bade thee, — couldst not bend thy knee
To their long prayers or tedious penances.
Thou gavest what thou hadst, thy manly strength,
To the sweet service of humanity.
So thou didst bear the Christ upon thy back,
And minister unto the Lord of glory.

Cathedral of Cologne.

THE "JUVENIS ADORANS."

This antique statue, a youth praying, dug up from the Tiber in the pontificate of Clement XI., was presented by that Pope to Prince Eugene, of Savoy. From him it passed into the possession of Prince Lichtenstein. Frederic II., of Prussia, bought it for ten thousand thalers, and placed it in his palace at Potsdam. It is now one of the finest ornaments of the sculpture gallery at Berlin. The subject was a favorite one among the old Greek sculptors.

TIBER'S yellow flood
Darkest tales can tell,
Where the mightiest stood,
How the haughtiest fell.

Tiber's sedgy banks
Rustle with the past.
Ah, that Rome's bright ranks
Should fade to this at last!

Tiber's muddy bed!
Beneath thy burial lid, —
If true what men have said, —
Treasures of spoil lie hid.

And we were truly told.
From those foul deeps they raise
A form of vigorous mould;
And behold! he prays.

Not crouchingly he stands,
Not kneeling as in dread,
Not clasped his eager hands,
Not bowed his noble head.

His gaze is on the sky,
As if his trust were there;
His arms stretched wide and high,
As if his thanks were prayer.

His youth breathes strong of hope,
And life's full, generous fires,
As towards that heavenly cope
He worships and aspires.

So at the Easter-tide
The churches rose and stood;*
Throwing all stoop aside,
And every mournful mood.

O genius of new days!
Hail from thine ancient tomb;
Now let thy spirit's blaze
Chase the old world of gloom.

---

* *Standing* was the usual posture of prayer in the early Christian assemblies on the Lord's day; because that day was a holiday, the Festival of the Resurrection. But from Easter to Pentecost it was positively forbidden to assume any other attitude in the public devotions.

Bright one! thine influence pour
On man so prone and sad;
And teach him how to adore,
And to be free and glad.

THE CROSSED SWORDS.

Read at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, April 28, 1859, on occasion of the transfer of two swords, so arranged, from the library of William H. Prescott to that of the Society. One of them was worn by Colonel William Prescott at the battle of Bunker Hill; the other, by Captain Linzee, who commanded the British sloop-of-war "Falcon," which cannonaded the American troops during that action. The two families were afterwards allied by intermarriage.

Swords crossed, but not in strife!
The chiefs who drew them, parted by the space
Of two proud countries' quarrel, face to face
Ne'er stood, for death or life.

Swords crossed, that never met
While nerve was in the hands that wielded them;
Hands better destined a fair family stem
On these free shores to set.

Kept crossed by gentlest bands!
Emblems no more of battle, but of peace;
And proofs how loves can grow and wars can cease,
Their once stern symbol stands.

It smiled first on the array
Of marshalled books and friendliest companies;
And here, a history among histories,
It still shall smile alway.

See that thou memory keep
Of him the firm commander, and that other
The stainless Judge,* and him our peerless brother, —
All fallen now asleep.

---

* Judge William Prescott, father of the historian.

Yet more: a lesson teach,
To cheer the patriot soldier in his course,
That Right shall triumph still o'er insolent Force:
That be your silent speech.

Oh, be prophetic, too!
And may those nations twain, as sign and seal
Of endless amity, hang up their steel,
As we these weapons do.

The archives of the past,
So smeared with blots of hate and bloody wrong,
Pining for peace, and sick to wait so long,
Hail this meek cross at last.

A SONNET.

How blest this peaceful hour and tranquil soul!
Why are we so disquieted in vain?
Feeble affronts will break the temper's rein,
And little crosses master self-control.
A vanishing spark we turn to burning coal,
And insect buzzings overthrow the brain.
We fret at Time and Nature; and complain
That fates are fixtures, and that fortunes roll.
We sigh along the past, that now is not;
And tremble at the future, that as yet
Is nothing but what fancy's fears beget,
And draws no blade across a single spot.
Take lesson from these moments, O fond heart!
When no griefs press thee, and no terrors start.

Autumnal Equinox, 1862.

LYING DEAD AT FOURSCORE.

Death wipes all wrinkles from the skin.
The aged face was smooth,
And mouth as calm, as they had been
In the clear days of youth.

Time ploughs its furrows on the brow,
Its furrows on the cheek;
And, of our fewscore years, the Now
Thus silently will speak.

The hosts of many an anxious toil
Their trenches will advance;
And all the thoughts that mope and moil
Will seam the countenance.

The fevers of the mind will wear
Such tracks into the clay,
As will not, while the life is there,
Consent to pass away.

But Death has power where Life had none:
It can those scars erase,
And render back, when all is done,
The quiet of the face.

Oh, may it so, when Time is o'er,
And sealed its earthly scroll,
Looks of immortal freshness pour
On the transfigured soul!

No wrinkle of a peevish mind,
Or of a sharp distress;
No fires that scorch, no cares that grind,
Nor any wretchedness.

The joy begin, that shall not fear
A day when it must cease;
And every channel for a tear
Be smoothed to perfect peace.

Rome, Sunday, Feb. 5, 1860.

AT A GRAVE.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"
Luke xxiv. 5.

Heed well what the angel
To mourners said;
And write that evangel
Above the dead.

Why come with your grieving
To this low bed?
"Why seek ye the living
Among the dead?"

To Memory's high places
My heart is led;
Beyond earthy spaces,
There walk my dead.

Deep, deep in affection
Unlimited,
Still, still in connection,
Repose my dead.

The ground is no holder
Of one dear head:
THEY never can moulder:
Why *call* them dead?

The souls of God's giving
To God have fled:
"Why seek ye the living
Among the dead?"

BURLINGTON, Aug. 24, 1862.

A LAMENT

FOR REV. WILLIAM PARSONS LUNT, D.D.,

Who died at Akabàh, the ancient Ezion-Geber, on the Red Sea, March 20, 1857, on his way to the Holy Land.

A WAIL from beyond the desert!
A wail from across the sea!
The home he left,
Bereft, bereft
For evermore must be.

As spread the heavy tidings,
How many a heart grows sore,
That the eloquent grace
Of that pensive face
And that mellow voice is o'er!

Alas for thee, O our brother!
And for this we sorrow most,
That a spirit so fair
Must be breathed out there,
On that stern Arabian coast;—

That a life so all unforeign,—
To faith and his country bound,—
Turned dying eyes
Upon Asian skies,
And dropped on Moslem ground.

Away for the Holy City
With pilgrim soul he trod;
But nearer at hand
Must the pearl gates expand
Of the city new of God.

The judgment-peak of Sinai
Rose now in the homeward WEST;

Its shadows grim
Had no terror for him
As he sank to his Christian rest.

But, oh, that the thoughtful scholar, —
His mind at its fullest noon, —
That the Preacher's tongue
And the Poet's song
Should pass away so soon!

BURIAL OF JOHN ELIOT THAYER.

Thy stately dwellings mourn for thee
From all their golden walls;
The busy street cries, "Where is he?"
And saddens as it calls.

Beneath these princely shades is met
A more than princely crowd,
Saluting with its warm regret
A body and a shroud;

And memories of that noble past, —
More rich than house or land, —
A stainless life, a friendly heart,
Quick head and generous hand;

And soul, that from a brimming cup
Drank never greed or pride,
But looked with meekest reverence up,
And spread its bounties wide.

He was not trained where scholars teach;
He filled no public sphere;
Yet all that best belongs to each
To honor him is here.

Not vulgar wealth, with amplest show,
Such funeral wreaths could twine;
It was not that he made it grow,
But that he bade it shine, —

Shine with such uses, as have made
A glory where we live, —
Shine with such charities as aid
Those who receive and give.

His counsel keen and active will
Grew strong from hour to hour,
His plans of various service still
Expanding with his power.

Yet no reluctance to lie there
His dying thoughts distressed:
With loving message, tranquil prayer,
He sank through pain to rest.

Farewell, who always wishedst well, —
Thy judgments ever kind!
How many sorrowing memories tell
Thy gentle, constant mind!

Thy desolate dwellings mourn for thee
From all their golden walls;
The busy street cries, "Where is he?"
And saddens as it calls.

DREAMS.

In boyhood's shy, romantic days,
I lived on hope and toiled for praise;
A world ideal caught my eyes,
That turned all present joys to sighs:
It was a dream.

I took my place in crowds of men,
With anxious voice and restless pen;
With eager will and scanty power
To fill my sphere and rule my hour:
It was a dream.

Ambition claimed the lead to take,
And Love wove in its softer sake,
And Heart and Senses flamed at "Come,
Find all in our Elysium:"
It was a dream.

What I could win, you say, is won;
What I could do, you say, is done;
And feebler pulse and nerves remind
Of raptures fading far behind:
Nay, let me dream.

Not of the scenes that could not last,
Nor loss nor transport of the Past;
But of some good not yet possessed,
In duteous work and loving rest,
Let me dream — dream.

FOREVERMORE AND NEVERMORE.

Ever, Forever, and Forevermore!
O words too big for mortals! Give them o'er,
Save when they point to some immortal hope
Matching our mystic nature's boundless scope;
Or dwell abstract, impassively sublime,
Untouched by Feeling, as unreached by Time.

"Forever, evermore!" the Lover cries,
As in his loved one's arms entranced he lies.
Incredulous I listen; yet admire
The soul that breathes that pledge of faith and fire.
Incredulous, — not that a fraud I fear,
For passions cannot choose but be sincere; —
But oh, stern doom of years! blind thoughts of men!
How small, beyond the day, our power or ken!

Here, hasty heats divide what seemed one heart,
And there, the chilled hands slowly drop apart;
Caprice and Temper ply their losing trade,
And creeping Eld or rapid Fates invade,
And turn — though hard it sounds to say it now —
To meanest measures that eternal vow.

"Forever and forevermore!" exclaims
The creed of Calvin o'er its gulf of flames.
Its terrible fervors could not skill to tell
The Saviour's grace, but from an endless hell.
The fiery sea of torment feebly rolls
The fury of a God on human souls,
If "Everlasting" be not thundered there,
To crown the curse of anguish and despair.
Incredulous I hear. The Scripture Word
To that fierce horror grants no true accord.
The preacher all in vain counts out for me
His arithmetical eternity;
And all this "Ever and forevermore"
Rings yet more hollow than it rang before.

But lo! another strain falls on my ear,
Unlike that vague and far one, plain and near, —
Its very opposite. That ran on and on,
While this can only falter, "Gone, all gone!"
Its solemn cadence is, "No, nevermore."
My feet I feel now on the narrow floor
Of too well-known experience. Round me rise
Wailing regrets and stifled breath of sighs.
Now am I touched; — here is the realm I know; —
Thus bounded all my joys we taste below.
What shades of sadness gather and remain
About that phrase, "Never to come again"!
Never, no, nevermore the golden ray
That poured such magic o'er a younger day.
No, never more those dear ones by our side,
Who took the world's half with them when they died.
Ah, worse! if lost and gone that peace of mind,
Dark memories tell we nevermore can find:
A something wretched done, — no matter what, —
That never can be undone — or forgot.

"It is the last time: never, nevermore."
That mournful dirge as on a desolate shore,
Is it all mournful? No: that murmur cease:
Full oft it breathes of requiem and of peace.
For the last time that hard task has been wrought;
For the last time that hard fight has been fought.
No, nevermore that weary load shall press;
And nevermore shall cut that sharp distress.
'Tis the last pang, to ease distempered hearts,
When the grim spirit tears them and departs.

O Lord Omnipotent! O Grace Supreme!
Bless to our use Reality and Dream;
Teach us how different uses melt to one,
That we may praise the Shadow and the Sun.
For all that bends to Time and Fate's control,
And for the Everlasting in the soul,
For Reason's handlings, Faith's supernal eye,
For all that cannot last, or cannot die,

We thank Thee, Father! O Eternal! send
That Power which makes all other powers befriend,
And in one fold of love Ever and Never blend!

ON A MINIATURE.

1826–1864.

"Omnia fert ætas, animum quoque: sæpe ego longos
Cantando puerum memini me condere soles."
VIRGIL, BUCOL. ix. 50, 51.

"YES, it was like," — so says my own
Liege one, who surely knows the best.
The picture that was earliest known
She chooses still of all the rest.

Our friends scarce credit what they're told;
And I myself with pains can trace
A line of what they now behold,
In those broad eyes, that fair, smooth face.

The eyes so open should have sought
To fix on Truth a deeper gaze;
And those soft traits of studious thought
Meant more for duty and for praise.

'Tis long since then: 'tis past for that;
The darkening sight more dim must be;
The full-orbed strengths grow thin and flat;
And hopes more scant, and acts less free.

Let pass. To learn be harder now;
And ah, how easier to forget!
Ye world-trusts, pass with boding brow!
Ye world-joys, with your eyelids wet!

As vain to mourn this waning power
As to regret that faded bloom:
I hoped and wished this might-be hour,
And will not dread a may-be gloom.

With features changed, with heart all one,
I glance behind and face before.
A track not measured by the sun
The heart may keep for evermore.

Aye, just the same. All things beside
Like tints grow pale, like forms remove;
But still within the soul abide
The props of Trust, the hues of Love.

Times, fortunes, judgments, steal away:
We much must err, and little know;
But Trust sets up its pillared stay:
There burns till death Love's patient glow.

PRAYER AND THE DEAD.

They passed away from sight and hand,
A slow successive train:
To memory's heart, a gathered band,
Our lost ones come again.

Not back to earth, a second time
The mortal path to tread:
They walk in their appointed clime,
The dead, but not the dead.

Their spirits up to God we gave,
With eyes as wet as dim;
Confiding in his care to save,
For all do live to Him.

Beyond all we can know or think,
Beyond the earth and sky,
Beyond Time's lone and dreaded brink,
Their deathless dwellings lie.

Dear thoughts that once our union made,
Death does not disallow:
We prayed for them while here they staid,
And what shall hinder now?

Our Father! give them perfect day,
And portions with the blest;
Oh, pity if they went astray,
And pardon for the best!

As they may need, still deign to bring
The helping of thy grace;
The shadow of thy guardian wing
Or shining of thy face.

For all their sorrows here below,
Be boundless joy and peace;
For all their love, a heavenly glow
That nevermore shall cease.

O Lord of Souls! when ours shall part,
To try the farther birth,
Let Faith go journeying with the heart
To those we loved on earth.

May 27, 1865.

BARTIMÆUS.

"WHAT wouldst thou I should do for thee?"
Said he who held the wonder-key
Of Nature's secret virtues; who
The utmost that he said could do;
For, not like these poor breaths of ours,
His words were gifts and acts and powers.

The questioned man had ears to hear,
And Touch was true in its small sphere;
His tongue was quick; he rose to meet
The Grace that called him to his feet.
But hidden were Christ's form and face,
The moving crowd, the unmoving place;
The kingly sense that lights the mind
Was gone: Timæus' son was blind.
He answered, — did he answer right? —
"Lord, that I might receive my sight."

Oh, chide not that he could not lift
His heart to any higher gift;
And when a heavenly offerer came,
No heavenly gift could think or name.
"Receive thy sight," the Christ replied;
And the glad wretch walked justified.

Sat there that day a king at hand,
With sceptre over sea and land,
And wealth and splendor round his throne,
Free to all eyes, — denied his own, —
On his crowned brow were blot like that,
Would he not cast to mole and bat
His royalty, for leave to share
A portion with that beggar there;
And rags to jewelled robes prefer,
With power to see that rags they were?

The blind are happy, it is said.
Not so this scripture tale has read.

The sharp cry could not silenced be,
"Have mercy, mercy, upon me,
Thou son of David." What he craved
Was met with this, "Thy faith hath saved."

Yet list we to that plaintive cheer;
'Tis wisely spoke and sweet to hear;
And many witnesses renew
The faith that it is strangely true:
Yes, happy,—cleave we to the hope,—
Though feet must swerve and hands must grope;
All action played behind a screen,
The world no space and life no scene;
Though nature, art, streets, fields, and books,
And better, best, all friendly looks,
Have faded into nought; the gaze
That spans a world and threads a maze,
And, when the round of day is done
Outshoots the arrows of the sun,
Changed for the thin short line that slips
Beneath the moving finger-tips.

'Who that hath watched the smiles, that chase
Each other o'er the tranquil face
Thus mutilate, does not decree
A place for them in memory?
The human soul a debtor lies
To him who sang of Paradise;
Who tells us that a single jot
Of heart or hope he bated not.
Nay, there are they whose playful strain
Has argued that this want was gain.
Still Memory's rigid canvas glows,
And Fancy's free conception flows,
And Reason tells her problems o'er,
And gleaning Thoughts find field and store.

What, then? Did our poor Israelite
Prize at too much the wealth of sight?
And is its loss a lighter woe
Than men have thought? Oh no! oh no!
This new Beatitude will prove
The wonder of the Father-love,

That bids such compensation wait
On a calamity so great,
Because so great. Oh! bless the care
That stoops to such a deep despair.
The blind are happy? Only such
As make the world's small remnant much,
And call an inward state to atone
For what makes this without so lone.

Nor all concealed from human thought
How this celestial work is wrought;
They who see not have eyes that lend
Their aid to guide and to defend;
Aye, numberless. They sit immured
In kindly offices; secured
By their strong helplessness. Who stem
The boldest crowds, make way for them.
Mark on the pavement how the click
Of their half-seeing, slender stick,
Is potent as a Sultan's word
Or marshal's staff or conqueror's sword.

Close tended by the good and kind,
They form the temper that they find.
Does not that disposition bless,
And good-will grow to happiness?
With narrowing range of earth's ado,
The field of strife is narrowed too:
The tents are struck, the flags are furled,
That make a camp of half the world:
As feuds and provocations close,
The unchallenged spirit tastes repose.

The Son of Man, in passing by,
Heeded his suppliant's frantic cry,
Opened his eyes to drink the day,
And showed his following steps the way:
He passes by no more. A sphere
Immortal holds him. But e'en here,
And now, and evermore, he stands,
And lifts his voice and lays his hands.
Courage and cure! But not as when
He moved among those Hebrew men.

No miracle or transient sign
Attests the word or act divine.
The painted earth and painted sky,
And looks of dear humanity,
He brings not back; but shows in light
What needs no orb of sensuous sight.
Ideal growths flush into bloom
And dove-like sits that raven gloom.

O Son of David! many sit
In that deep valley. Speak to it!
Set Duty's plain and Faith's high hill
Before them; and within them still
Let Mind pursue its even trains,
Affection chant its sweet refrains,
And Truth draw clear its landscape lines,
Clear as where Nature buds and shines.
From that bright realm reflect a ray,
Where tears and films are wiped away.
Let patience hold and love increase;
And fold them in thy peace, thy peace.

HYMN FOR THE BLIND.

O God! to thine all-seeing ken
The night and day are one:
The blackness of earth's deepest den,
And flaming of the sun.

Both lend to eyes of mortal race
Their sweet and mingled aid;
And blest in its alternate place
The shining and the shade.

For us, a cloud is on the sight,
And Nature's face is hid;
Alike untouched by figured light
The eyeball and the lid.

So it hath pleased thee, God! Be each
Sore plaint and passion still;
And holy thoughts kneel down, and teach
Submission to that will.

From all our diminutions, Lord,
Let trust and love increase;
And all our hindrances reward
With patience and with peace.

Oh, clear the mind! Be more and more
The invisible revealed;
And spirits brighten at the door,
When all without is sealed!

JUNE 3, 1865.

THE BLIND ASLEEP.

"I ALWAYS see in dreams," she said,
"Nor then believe that I am blind."
That simple thought a shadowy pleasure shed
Within my mind.

In a like doom, the nights afford
A like display of mercy done.
How oft I've dreamed of sight as full restored!
Not once as gone.

Restored as with a flash! I gaze
On open books with letters plain;
And scenes and faces of the dearer days
Are bright again.

O sleep! in pity thou art made
A double boon to such as we;
Beneath closed lids and folds of deepest shade
We think we see.

O Providence! when all is dark
Around our steps and o'er thy will,
The mercy-seat that hides the covenant-ark
Has angels still.

Thou who art light! illume the page
Within; renew these respites sweet,
And show beyond the films and wear of age
Both walk and seat.

December 19, 1865.

A MONODY.

She's left behind. Oh, dearest one,
Close at my side through life's long day!
Oh, firm and clear adjustment, gone
For ever from my darkening way!

She's left behind. No power can send
Her missing foot again to bring;
Nor I one step can backward bend,
And say, "I've sought thee, sorrowing."

Behind; with old ambition's aims
And young delights all golden-haired,
And blessings now but shades and names
That would have life had thine been spared.

No, no, my heart! thy thought has erred,
Of courage and of faith bereft.
Stamp on its folds the truer word,
"She's gone before." We, we are left.

We follow soon; are following now;
For onward is the challenge still.
With God, each When and Where and How;
Not earthly fate, but heavenly will.

She's gone before; where pain is past,
Nor danger threats, nor grief corrodes;
And joy is full, and treasures last
In those immortal "many" abodes.

Meet me again with that calm face,
Needing no change for its new home,
When, weary of this leaguered place,
Where thou art safe, I hope to come.

April 15, 1865.

MADONNA.

The centre of my life, one summer morn,
Melted from earth into the brightening sky;
From that time forth its visible round was shorn,

Narrowing and fading on the wasting eye,
As if no outward scene would care to stay
After that inmost presence passed away.

Oh, daunt me not, ye shadows, as ye fall
Thicker each day upon my sight and brain,
At thoughts of blank dependence and the pall
Of utter night, and craze that's more than pain!
Hide the last ray that guides my footsteps' course,
But spare the wandering thoughts their steadying force.

The fatal loss went first. O shade of her
Who shone upon my life, its love and saint,
Grow not thou dark to me! Still minister
To my lone spirit, burdened down and faint.
Veiled now her very image; but the heart
Still looks and yearns and moans, and will not part.

AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-THREE.

THREE years beyond the term
Which holy writ allots to human days!
To this late fruitage from that early germ
I count my calls to praise.

Not swiftly flew ye by,
As our regretful fancy makes it seem;
Nor look your forms to my reverted eye
Like visions and a dream.

For striving thought and care
Have marked their station-points at each remove;
And I have raised, not upon clouds and air,
My monuments of love.

With gradual step ye went,
As mercy multiplied the wayside stones;
And all unchanged your shapes ye still present,
O dear and sainted ones!

On, Time, with patient flow
Through deepening, darkening vales, but now not far;
The images of my immortals show,
And bring me where they are.

TRANSLATIONS.

TRANSLATIONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

I.

That is a white sea-mew,
Which hovering I espy
Just over the blackening billows:
The moon stands aloft in the sky.

The shark and the ray snap up,
As they glance for an instant by;
She rises — she stoops — the sea-mew:
The moon stands aloft in the sky.

O darling, wandering soul,
How sorrowful dost thou fly!
Too near thee the tumbling water:
The moon stands aloft in the sky.

II.

Tell me who first did the clock invent,
To show how minutes and hours are spent.
That was some solemn and freezing wight.
He sat and droned in the winter night,
And counted the scampers of mice in the wall,
Or the measured grind of the wood-worm's awl.

Tell me who first invented the kiss:
A mouth all glowing and joyous was his.
He kissed, and thought of nothing but play,
As it chanced in the beautiful month of May:
Bright flowers o'er all the landscape sprang,
The sun laughed out, and the thrushes sang.

THE OAKS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THEODOR KÖRNER.

Evening falls, and mute are the Day's voices,
Ruddy the ray of the sun's parting sheen;
And I am sitting here beneath your branches,
And my heart beats within, so full and keen.
Of ancient times true, ancient testifiers,
You still are grandly dressed with life's fresh green;
And mighty images of former story
Are yet preserved under your spreading glory.

Much that was noble Time has worn to ruin:
Much that was fair is with the early dead.
Through the rich garlands of your leaves they glimmer
Their last leave-taking in the Evening Red.

Still undisturbed at all that Fate is dark with,
In vain has Time threatened your lofty head;
And there sounds, from out the branches sighing,
"All that's great must in the dust be lying."

And you have stood! Under all fickle changes
You leaf out free and strong, with hero-mind.
Sure not a pilgrim will be wandering by you,
And not have in your generous shade reclined:
And in your leaves autumnal, when they're dropping,
Though dead, you will a precious blessing find;
For your mouldering children will engender
New substance for your next year's vernal splendor.

Lovely image of old German Honor,
Looking for better days yet, yet to start,
Where, in brave and joyful Death-devotion,
Burghers build their States with freest heart.

Ah, what helps it thus the smart to awaken?
Yet every object but renews the smart.
German Folk! Thou, all the rest outvying!
Thy oaks are standing up, thou on the ground art lying.

LEGHORN, December, 1859.

INSCRIPTION

ON A HOUSE NEAR THE "CHARTREUSE," LAKE OF THUN.

MUCH rain and short sunshine
Give slender crops and sourish wine;
But hadst thou power o'er sun and rain,
Without God's blessing small the gain.

THE SHIP "JAMESTOWN."

A SONNET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

Herodotus stood by me in my sleep,
Handing his style to me. "And shall I write
Of conquests far and near, the fame of fight,
How men will combat, and how mothers weep?

How *here* man's skill and meditation deep
Bid Nature bend to serve his active sprite:
And Time and Pain, the victors, own his might,
While Famine mocks him *there* with blasting sweep?"

The Sage replied, "Exploit so boldly wrought,
And Death so dire, through every history clang.
Let this thy careful muse record instead:

That they, the first, by wiser counsel taught,
A war ship sent to fight with Hunger's pang,
And so the ancient scoff repaid with bread."

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

I.

"WAS MEIN GOTT WILL, GESCHEH' ALL'ZEIT."

COMPOSED BY ALBERT OF BRANDENBURG, WHILE SUFFERING IN EXILE, 1566.

WHATE'ER God will, let that be done;
His will is ever wisest:
His grace will all thy hope outrun,
Who to that faith arisest.
The gracious Lord
Will help afford;

He chastens with forbearing:
Who God believes,
And to him cleaves,
Shall not be left despairing.

My God is my sure confidence,
My light and my existence:
His counsel is beyond my sense,
But stirs no weak resistance.
His word declares
The very hairs
Upon my head are numbered:
His mercy large
Holds me in charge,
With care that never slumbered.

There comes a day, when, at his will,
The pulse of Nature ceases:
I think upon it, and am still,
Let come whate'er he pleases.
To him I trust
My soul, my dust,

When flesh and spirit sever:
The Christ we sing
Has plucked the sting
Away from death for ever.

II.

"MEIN HERR UND HEILAND, LASS MIR'S GEHN ZU HERZEN."

ORIGINAL MELODY, — "Herzliebster Jesu," &c.

LORD, touch my heart with that great consummation,
When thou didst love me so in thy last passion;
All feelings that my soul from thee would sunder,
Help to keep under.

Thou who hast once to the grave's rest descended,
When on the cross thy work for us was ended,
Grant rest, when to the place that men prepare me
They sadly bear me.

Give sweet repose through thine own bitter sorrow,
And lift my soul to that eternal morrow
Which thou, O Lord! for mortal man suppliedst
The day thou diedst.

III.

"WARUM SOLLT' ICH DENN MICH GRÄMEN?"

BY PAUL GERHARDT, 1653.

WHEREFORE, then, should I be gloomy?
Still have I Jesus nigh:
Who shall take him from me?
Who shall rob me of the heaven
Which God's Son For me won,
And through faith has given?

I began our life-scene trying,
Poor and bare; No strength there;
Only want and crying.

Nought can I of all its heaping
Bear away In that day
When to earth I'm creeping.

Goods nor blood nor frame nor living
Are my own: God alone
Glads me in their giving.
What he gave, when he erases
Part or whole, Heart and soul
Still shall hymn his praises.

Should he give a cross to carry,
Send amain Woe and pain,
Ought my trust to vary?
He will rule them in the sending:
He well knows How to choose
What shall be the ending.

God has oft with many a blessing
Crowned my lot: Shall I not
Feel some burdens pressing?

Good is he, not always chiding:
His decree Works for me
Comforting and guiding.

Death has not the power to slay us;
Does but snatch From their catch
When life's ills waylay us;
Shuts the door of bitter grieving,
And makes way For the day
Of the heavens' receiving.

What is all we here inherit
But a hand Full of sand,
Weariness of spirit?
There, there, is the noblest treasure:
Shepherd-wise, Christ supplies
Without end or measure.

IV.

"FREU' DICH SEHR, O MEINE SEELE!"

[CASPAR VON WARNBERG, early in the seventeenth century. It has also been ascribed to Simon Graf. The very favorite melody to which the hymn is set is of French origin, and first appeared in the Calvinistic Psalter of 1555.]

JOY, my soul! oh, joy attend thee!
Hence all thoughts of ill and ail!
Christ, to whom I do commend thee,
Calls from out the tearful vale:
From the troubles of the times,
Leads he to the heavenly climes;
Bliss beyond the senses' knowing,
Ever living, ever growing.

As we see the summer roses
Through the thorns unfold their charms,
So a Christian worth discloses
Through besetting threats and harms.

As the billows of the sea,
As the windy tempests be,
So our life's uncertain courses
Oft are tossed with troubled forces.

Therefore with what glad persistence
Press I on where thou shalt lead!
Be not, O my Lord! at distance,
Who didst save when thou didst bleed.
Help, that, with thy spirit blest,
I may reach thy glorious rest.
Do not, then, O Lord! forsake me
When the shadows overtake me.

V.

"CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN."

FROM A HYMN BY ANNA, COUNTESS OF STOLBERG, ABOUT 1600.

Dying.

In Christ my life is hidden,
And it is gain to die:
I stay where I am bidden,
And go without a sigh.

When powers of sense and reason
Are wavering like a light
That flickers a short season
Before it sinks in night;

Then gently come the order,
In silence calm and deep;
And on that trembling border,
Lord, let me fall asleep.

VI.

"JESU, MEINE FREUDE."

[JOHANN FRANK, 1653. Formed out of a love-song, "Flora meine Freude," something like Watts's psalms from Solomon's "Song of Songs." It soon spread over Germany and beyond it, though not without objection. Peter the Great ordered its translation into Russian, in 1724.]

JESU, my joy-giving,
My heart's pastured living,
Jewel I most prize:
Ah, how long 'tis dreary,
And my soul a-weary,
While for thee it sighs!
I am thine, And thou art mine,
Lamb of God! Oh, nothing earthy
Shall henceforth look worthy.

Under thy defending,
I from all the rending
Of all foes am free.
Let the thunders rattle,
Tempests blow their battle:
Jesus stands by me.
Though earth's ball To ruin fall,
Though both death and hell affright me,
He will shield and right me.

Though my sin and error
Quail at Sinai's terror,
I my peace have got.
Let all perils hound me;
Fatal nets surround me:
Jesus fails me not.
Fears away Of judgment-day!
Joyful in the vision given,
Look I up to heaven.

Hence, ye vain possessions!
I have ever fresh ones, —
Jesus my supply.
Hence each empty honor,
With her pride upon her!
Glad I pass you by.
Miseries, straits, And pains and fates, —
Howsoe'er I must endure them,
He is nigh to cure them.

All the hollow, fleeting,
Men are seeking, greeting,
I for me resign;
And your pleasant vices,
Towards which it entices,
Fill no cup of mine!
Last good-night To proud delight!
To a life by conscience chidden
Last "good-night" be bidden!

Spirits of disaster,
Vanish! for my Master
Turns to me his feet.
What are tears and sorrow?
When his grace I borrow,
Troubles must be sweet.
Bear I here Scorn and fear;
Thou art with me in my grieving,
Jesu, my joy-giving.

VII.

"ACH WIE FLÜCHTIG, ACH WIE NICHTIG!"

[Half a dozen verses from the thirteen of Michael Frank. The piece appeared in his "Geistliches Harfenspiel," 1657; but was sung as early as 1650. There have been four melodies to it; one of them composed by Frank himself.]

Ah how fleeting, ah how cheating,
Is the life of mortals!
Like a mist, first lowly lying,
Mounting, spreading, scattering, flying,—
Such is life from birth to dying.

Ah how cheating, ah how fleeting,
Are the days of mortals!
As a stream begins its flowing,
Leaping on with current growing,
So our time's incessant going.

Ah how fleeting, ah how cheating,
Are the joys of mortals!
Hours' and seasons' shifting measures,
Peace and conflict, gifts and seizures,—
Such are all our earthly pleasures.

Ah how cheating, ah how fleeting,
Fairest forms of mortals!
As the floweret hastes to wither,
Blown of rough winds hither, thither,
So our beauty: look at either.

Ah how fleeting, ah how cheating,
Is the strength of mortals!

Who to-day is striking, fending,
And with giants stands contending,
In to-morrow's grave finds ending.

Ah how cheating, ah how fleeting,
All the affairs of mortals!
All we look on or endeavor,
Time will waste, or Force will shiver:
Who hath God doth bide for ever.

—•—

VIII.

O DASS ICH TAUSEND ZUNGEN HÄTTE!

FOUR VERSES OF THE SIXTEEN WRITTEN BY JOHANN MENTZER, 1704.

Oh that a thousand tongues were granted,
And room and power to use them all!
The praise of God should then be chanted
From inmost heart to outmost wall;
Since what the Lord for me hath wrought
Exceeds all utterance and all thought.

Oh that my voice on high were sounding
As far as sun e'er set or rose;
That all my blood with joy were bounding
As long as through my veins it flows!
Might thanks to every pulse belong,
And every breath go forth a song.

Whose hand is all my good bestowing?
'Tis His alone who all things doth.
Who spreads defence round all my going?
The mighty God of Sabaoth.
Thou by thy counsel guidest me,
And through that aid I safe must be.

Then keep not silence, ye my powers!
Up, up; use all your diligence,
And bless as dear allies of ours
The Godhead and the Providence.
Up, O my soul! and all within
Begin his praise, and still begin.

IX.

ICH WEISS DASS MEIN ERLÖSER LEBT.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1650.

MELODY, — "Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan."

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
He is my life already:
Whoso to him his heart's trust gives
Against death's fear is steady.
I onward tread The way he led:
For night, and night's drear feelings,
Comes light with sweet revealings.

Thou liv'st, thou liv'st, in hero-worth;
The under-world surrenders:
Thou art the champion of the earth,
The trust of poor offenders.

Who cleave to thee Shall pass on free,
Of sin's load disencumbered;
With ransomed spirits numbered.

Thou liv'st, my Healer; healing still,
And daily, my diseases:
Thou strengthenest me in every ill;
It scares not when it seizes.
Oh! live in me, That I in thee
May blessedly be living,
Beyond the world's conceiving.

Thou livest; in the dark my light,
My comfort in my anguish:
Thou'lt not desert thy servant quite,
Nor leave his soul to languish.
Advice in need, And strength in deed,
And life to heaven projected,
Thou giv'st to thine elected.

Address thee more and more, my heart,
To joys that are unending;
While now with pleasures, now with smart,
Thou still must be contending.
With spirit true The fight pursue;
Then shall e'en I be sharing
The crowns that are preparing.

X.

"STRAF' MICH NICHT IN DEINEM ZORN."

[George Albinus. Rosenmüller's Melody, 1655, is much admired.]

In thine anger smite me not;
Lord Almighty, spare me!
Show the Fount of Grace, and what
That alone can bear me.
Sins provoke Thy sharp stroke;
Stripes of Christ's own feeling
Let me find my healing.

Show to me thy Father-heart;
Stay with Trust my failing;
Teach thy child how good thou art;
Soothe my heavy wailing;
That to thee, Constantly,
Mightiest, Blessed, Ever-living,
May be poured thanksgiving.

Evil spirits, off from me!
God hath heard my pleading:
Now with joy the path I see
To his presence leading.
Off! I cry; Demons, fly!
What was once distressing,
God pours out — a blessing.

Ah, how gladly can my breast
From these vain things sever;
Take a soft and sacred rest,
Waiting joys for ever;

Which he there Doth prepare,
Where in heavenly regions
Float the angel legions!

XI.

WAS GOTT THUT DAS IST WOHLGETHAN.

[This hymn was written at Jena by Samuel Rodigast in 1675, for a sick friend, who composed the fine melody to which it is set.]

WHAT God doth, it is all well done,
His will upright abiding:
Since he hath traced my course begun,
I will go on confiding.
My God is he
Who holdeth me:
I will not turn complainer
At such a wise Ordainer.

What God doth, it is all well done;
He never will deceive me:
In righteous paths he leadeth on,
And never will he leave me.
With patience still
I meet his will:
Ill days he timely closeth,
That run as he disposeth.

What God doth, it is all well done;
His care will be unfailing:
A Healer, and a wondrous one,
Will not mistake my ailing.
No poisons his
For remedies.
His truth is my foundation;
His grace my whole salvation.

What God doth, it is all well done;
He is my light and being.
Mere evil he can mean me none:
I bow to his decreeing.

Through weal or woe,
Time still will show,
Which every thing revealeth,
How faithfully he dealeth.

What God doth, it is all well done.
If I must drink the chalice,
The bitter cup which I would shun,
My shrinking soul he rallies;
And, firmly placed,
My heart shall taste
That sweet peace in believing
Which softens down all grieving.

What God doth, it is all well done:
Strong shall that make and find me.
Rough ways I may be forced to run,
Griefs pressing close behind me;
Yet God will be
Right fatherly;
In death his arm sustaineth:
Then be it he that reigneth.

XII.

"BEFIEHL DU DEINE WEGE."

[The hymn, of which only a part is here presented, was written by Paul Gerhardt, and first printed in 1659. It resembles so much a favorite piece in our own hymn-books, styled "Moravian," and beginning, "Give to the winds thy fears," as to allow no doubt that we have here the foundation of those English verses.]

COMMIT the way before thee,
And all that grieves the soul,
To Him whose care is o'er thee,
Who guides the starry Whole.
He gives their path and motion
To cloud, wind, water-flow;
And points to thy devotion
A way thy foot can go.

To God resign the leading,
Wouldst thou be led indeed;
And to his ways give heeding,
If thy ways would succeed.

With fret and hard endeavors,
And self-relying pains,
Thou forcest not his favors:
He grants thee all thy gains.

Thine endless truth and mercies,
O Father! keep in mind,
What prospers or what pierces
The weal of human kind.
Whate'er thy will thou makest
We shall in action find:
Thou unto issues takest
Whate'er thy thought designed.

All powers are thy possessing;
All means are in thy sight:
Thine act is purely blessing;
Thy path is purely light.
Thy work there is no thwarting;
It knows no let nor rest;
While thou each lot art sorting
As suits thy children best.

Oh! make me draw no longer
One hard, repining breath;
But foot and hand nerve stronger,
And help us to the death,
To stand, our souls commending
In thine all-faithful eye:
So shall our ways go tending
To nobler scenes on high.

XIII.

At Morning.

BRICH AN DU SCHÖNES TAGESLICHT.

Break forth, thou beauteous light of day!
Appear in all thy purple splendor!
To Him, the fount of every ray,
My tribute I will with thee render.
Yea, Lord! Lift all my soul and sense,
To praise thy bright beneficence.

Thou hast, with loving hand to guide,
Protected me in need and sorrows;
All danger softly turned aside,
And borne me through to many morrows.
For guardian care through this night's shade,
Be humble thanks devoutly paid.

Now light in me the flame anew,
The life awaking, spirit firing;
That I the right path may pursue,
To highest life and truth aspiring;
Not halting in myself alone,
But — Christ within me — on and on.

Grant, Thou who all things in us dost,
Awakened faith's serene enjoyment;
That, through the steady power of Trust,
I may fulfil thy high employment:
Then shall my love-enkindled heart
Share, weal or woe, my neighbor's part.

I aim, O Lord! at no high state:
Adopt me; that alone can raise me.
And wealth I cannot richly rate:
'Tis Christ alone supplies and stays me.
But dwell thy Spirit in my breast,
And I can well forego the rest.

My Father! I myself resign
This day anew to thy good pleasure.
Oh! graciously my heart incline
My steps in thy true fear to measure.
Let all my works in Thee proceed;
Thy name be hallowed in my deed.

XIV.

At Evening.

"WERDE MUNTER, MEIN GEMÜTHE."

[Johann Rist, 1642. The translator has not only taken the usual liberty of leaving out some of the verses, but, in one instance, has combined two verses by taking a part from each.]

Be thou glad, my inmost being;
And, ye senses, lead before;
All the heavenly goodness seeing
Lavished on us more and more:
That He still, from day to day,
Through an all-imperilled way,
Has so helped me in my quailing,
That no foe has been prevailing.

Father of all tender mercies!
Praise and thanks to Thee we bring,
Who hast saved us from reverses,
And from every evil thing;

And, from sins on many a side,
Faithfully hast kept me wide:
Yea, and foes far hence hast driven,
So that they no harm have given.

Skill of numbers cannot mete them, —
All the favors thou hast shown;
Nor the speaker's tongue repeat them, —
All the works thy grace makes known.
Wondrous is thy goodness found;
Without measure, without bound:
So has thy compassion guided,
That no mischief has betided.

Let this night, no outcry hearing,
Sweet and gentle slumber bring;
Cover me, in solemn cheering,
With the shadow of thy wing.
Be to me, O Father! nigh;
Throw thy light beyond my eye;
Let no blow or fright confound me,
When there's nought but darkness round me.

XV.

HERR, DER DU VORMALS HAST DEIN LAND.

MELODY, — "Aus tiefer Noth ruf' ich zu Dir."

(BY PAUL GERHARDT, FIRST PRINTED IN 1653.)

LORD, who aforetime hast thy land
With favoring power defended,
And, when it felt thy chastening hand,
A mercy still attended;
Thou, who hast ever gracious been
To pardon all thy people's sin,
And loosen all their burdens, —

Shall now thy chastisement severe,
O Heavenly Lord! be endless?
Clean gone thy loving-kindness dear,
And we for ever friendless?

O God, our Healer! bear us through,
And cheer our fainting hearts anew,
That at thy wrath are troubled.

Oh, would were heard with trumpet sound
The eternal Word, proclaiming
That peace should o'er the earth abound,
Wherever Christ is naming!
That all who in that calling stand
Would cast their weapons from their hand,
And rest in peaceful dwellings!

Where Christians now in bloody press
Assail each man his brother,
In coming ages, Righteousness
And Peace shall kiss each other.
Where now the sword of maddened strife
Leaves ravaged fields and murdered life,
Shall Truth walk on with Mercy.

The fruitful rain and gentlest dew
The wasted plains shall nourish;
And Nature, all created new,
With all her crowns shall flourish.
Whate'er the gifts our God imparts,
Fail not the grace of thankful hearts,
The highest of his giving!

XVI.

"O DURCHBRECHER ALLER BANDE!"

GOTTFRIED ARNOLD, 1697.*

Thou who breakest every fetter;
Who art ever by my side;
Who canst make disgraces better
Than all earthly joy and pride!

* Three verses out of ten. There is a wholly different hymn, though beginning with the same line, and running to the same measure, in the "Berliner Gesangbuch." The melody is the same with "O du Liebe meiner Liebe!"

Let thy judgments, further, stronger,
Smite upon my worldly sense,
Till the prison holds no longer,
Till thine angel leads me thence.

Labors yet the whole creation;
And we groan, and strive, and pray
That thy Word may bring salvation
From brute Nature's iron sway;
From the service of things vainest,
Which so rules and chains the heart,
Though thy Spirit points the plainest
To the high and better part.

Are we slaves of wrong affection,
Snared in joys that cannot bless?
Leave us not to that subjection,
To that death, of selfishness.
That deliverance will not linger
If ourselves no sluggards be;
Oh the rapture, when God's finger
Turneth our captivity!

XVII.

"JESUS, MEINE ZUVERSICHT."

[Written by the Electress Luise Henriette von Brandenburg, after her great bereavement, in 1649. First printed in the "Berliner Gesangbuch" of 1653, it has ever since been a great favorite throughout Germany, and especially in Prussia. It was sung over the grave of Alexander von Humboldt, in May, 1859. Schubert says of it: "This song was the funeral-song of my father, my mother, and my sainted wife, and is therefore peculiarly dear to me; so that I have often repeated it with tears and longing." Only six of the ten verses are here presented.]

JESUS is my confidence,
Not by man's conceit invented;
Living Saviour! that defence
Still must keep my heart contented,
Whatsoever thoughts of fright
Startle at the long death-night.

Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;
I shall live at his appearing,
With the life his presence gives;
Why, then, now be grieving, fearing?

Does the head the members quit,
And not draw them after it?

I am, through the covenant band,
All securely with him plighted;
Holding him with Faith's strong hand,
When life's ties are disunited;
So that no severe death-ban
Part me from his presence can.

I am dust; and 'tis in vain
Dust would keep from being scattered;
But I know he will again
Shape anew what death has shattered;
That within the upper sky
I may dwell eternally.

Body, such as God shall please,
Will the new world throw around me;
Which the Lord in glory sees,
When he with his grace has crowned me.

Then shall my transfigured frame
View his face and bless his name.

Griefs that weep, and pains that groan,
Vanish at his kind effacing:
Earthy was I darkly sown,
Heavenly grow I at the raising.
Let the flesh decay, while I
Spring to immortality.

—•—

XVIII.

"HERR, ICH HABE MISSGEHANDELT."

LORD, how oft I have offended!
Weights of sin have kept me low;
Thither have my steps not tended,
Where thy law would have me go.
Fain my sad soul I would cover
From the judgments hanging over.

Ah! but where is safety lying?
Lo, thy presence everywhere!
Should I o'er the sea go flying,
Should I to earth's deeps repair,
Would the wind's swift wings infold me,
Even there thy hand would hold me.

I must own my guilt has mounted
Up to heaven, and in thy sight:
Can I still thy child be counted?
Ah, do not forsake me quite!
Not according to thy terrors,
Judge, O Lord! thy servant's errors.

Be thy Spirit my assistance,
With its conquering sign unfurled;
Help me make a firm resistance
To the evil in the world.
Let me no more stray or falter,
As I compass, Lord, thine altar.

XIX.

CHRISTMAS.

"ERMUNTRE DICH, MEIN SCHWACHER GEIST."

My languid spirit, upward spring;
And, full of high emotion,
The Saviour, whom the angels sing,
Receive with glad devotion.
This is the night on which he came,
With infant form and humble name.
He will, through birth and passion,
Be Reconciliation.

Thou who rejoicest all my heart,
My sovereign good in living!
For all thy love, on my poor part,
What can I think of giving?

Lord, all I am, or can possess,
I render in my thankfulness.
Each joy and each disaster
Shall bind me to thee faster.

Though now unseen, thou com'st again,
With countless saints attending;
And every eye shall see thee then,
In clouds of heaven descending.
Then I, too, shall behold thee, Lord,
With glorious grace around thee poured;
And there, where God doth raise thee,
With all thy ransomed praise thee.

XX.

NEW YEAR.

"WIE VIEL WIR JAHRE ZÄHLEN."

MELODY, — "Nun ruhen alle Wälder."

So many years of living
As God has yet been giving,
Now fail from life's amount;
And strength is disappearing,
As age is nearing, nearing,
Its work and gain of small account.

And as this year is failing,
The path the earth is sailing
To shorter daylight grown;
So hastes, with it to perish,
What Time must breed and cherish, —
Time, by which all is overthrown.

As one year in its going
Has others in its showing,
The old points on to new;
The sun we saw descending,
And with the shadows blending,
Soon climbs aloft the morning blue;

So, too, though we grow older,
And hand and thought grow colder,
We forward look, elate.
The deeper the declining,
The nearer to the joining
With the unseen, eternal state.

O thou, the ever-living,
Through whose death we're surviving
All count of years and time;
With thee live all thou savest,
For whom thyself thou gavest,
And chosest to thy realm sublime.

XXI.

"AUS TIEFER NOTH RUF' ICH ZU DIR."

[The famous One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm, "De profundis clamavi;" paraphrased by Martin Luther, 1524.]

FROM lowest deeps I cry, O God!
In thee all hope doth centre;
Do not with me, who dread thy rod,
Into strict judgment enter.
For if thou look severely through
The sin and wrong that mortals do,
What flesh could stand before thee?

There's nought avails but sovereign grace,
To cover our transgressions;
And man's deserts fill little place
In the best life's confessions.
No claim is heard, and boasting none;
But fears before thee every one,
And lives to Grace, Grace only.

On God alone my hope I plant,
And nought on my deserving;
To thee committing my sore want,
In thee my spirit nerving.
The promise of thy precious word
That trust and refuge must accord,
On which I wait for ever.

And though delayed till falls the night,
Delayed till breaks the morning,
I'll not mistrust the Heavenly Might,—
All other succor scorning.
Such is the true believer's way,
Who, of the Spirit born, can say,
"I live this true believing."

Although our stubborn sins prevail,
God's love much more aboundeth;
His power to help can never fail,
Whatever harm surroundeth.

He only the Good Shepherd is,
Who will from all their trespasses
Redeem his people. Amen.

XXII.

"MEINEN JESUM LASS ICH NICHT."

CHRISTIAN KENMANN, 1656.

My Redeemer quit I not,
Him for me his life bestowing;
Owe I not my grateful thought,
To him cleaving, in him growing?
He's my portion and my lot:
My Redeemer quit I not.

Jesus will I never quit;—
When this mortal life is closing,
Full of faith my soul shall flit,
Yielding all to his disposing.

Heart and tongue the strain have caught:
"My Redeemer quit I not."

Let it go, the strength of sight,—
All the powers of sense be failing;
Let the latest beams of light
In the feeble eyes be paling;
When the frame its death has got,
My Redeemer quit I not.

I shall ne'er his presence quit;
When I reach the heavenly dwelling
Where the faith of Holy Writ,
Turned to sight, its joy is telling;
What shall veil its glory? What?
My Redeemer quit I not.

XXIII.

"DER LETZTE MEINER TAGE."

MELODY, — "Aus meines Herzens Grunde."

My day without a morrow
Now cannot tarry long;
Oh, then all cries of sorrow
Shall turn to praise and song.
No further griefs annoy;
No trials spread out later:
My Lord and Mediator
Then takes me to his joy.

Already on my vision
There streams the higher light;
With ecstasy Elysian
It fills and floods my sight.

Then in my joy I see
The angels are my brothers,
More close than any others;
And praise God's majesty.

With garlands all unfading
His goodness decks my brow;
His grace so richly aiding,
I can do all things now.
The sufferer's goal is won;
And he the chaplet twineth,
In which the conqueror shineth
Who in the fight holds on.

There stands the eternal dwelling
Which God hath built on high;
And circled saints are telling
The glory that is nigh.
There tears are wiped away;

There reigns perpetual gladness;
And each dark heart of sadness
Is cheered with God's own ray.

What though, with faith unfeigned,
With love that's true and fast,
And earnest works unstained,
I be in trouble cast?
O Prince of Life to come!
Within thy covenant hold me,
Until the hour infold me,
When thou shalt call me home.

Let no black lamentation
To earth drag down my sense.
The longest life's duration
Is soon departed hence.
Hail to me! Last of days
Is quick with its last warning;
And then all cries of mourning
Are turned to song and praise.

XXIV.

"DER TAG AN DEM MEIN HEILAND SPRICHT."

MELODY, — "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort!"

THE time when Christ the Lord shall say,
"Come, mortals, to my Judgment-Day,"
No trembling dread strikes through me.
He who has called me of his sheep,
Within whose death I fell asleep,
Will speak his grace unto me.
I can upon his promise rest,
That with his face I shall be blest.

I joy to think of that great time,
When, glorified, to God's own clime
My soul shall be admitted.
Hail to me, when, from sin set free,
I shall with Christ for ever be,
And for his presence fitted;
When I can with the ransomed throng
Unite to raise a nobler song.

There, where my Lord in state attends,
Dwells joy that every thought transcends
And every raptured feeling.
He who on earth such love had shown
What holds he back, now on his throne,
All treasured grace revealing?
From him flow forth our joy and peace,
In endless fulness of increase.

XXV.

For Easter.

"AUFERSTANDEN, AUFERSTANDEN."

[BY C. C. STURM. FOUND ONLY IN RECENT BOOKS.]

Melody, — "Sollt' ich meinem Gott nicht singen."

Christ is risen, Christ is risen,
He by whom we're reconciled;
See how God from pang and prison
Has with honor crowned his Child.

Now enthroned there with the Father,
Over pain and death set high,
Reigns he in his majesty.
With your prostrate homage gather,
For he life immortal gives.
Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

He is risen, sing ye praises,
Who his blood on Calvary spilled;
Shout it loud in farthest places;
What he promised he fulfilled.
Who withstands? And why dissemble?
See him mount in glorious worth;
Bright in triumph breaks he forth.
See how Hell's black portals tremble,
As the Conqueror at them drives.
Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

Us from death-doom to deliver,
Sank he in the grave's dark night;
Us to raise to life for ever,
Rose he through the Father's might.

Death, thou art in victory swallowed,
All thy terrors overblown;
All thine Empire overthrown;
Life is now achieved and hallowed.
Though the Spoiler still bereaves,
Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

To the Father he ascended,
Lifting man from death's domain.
Life that's in him spent and ended
Tastes and sees that death is gain.
Hold amidst your pain and pleasure
Jesus Christ in memory,
Loosed from death's captivity.
His are joys beyond all measure,
Who for heavenly prizes strives.
Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

Children of the great Renewer,
Joy in him with thanks and song;
Bring to him, the Death-Subduer,
Crowns that to such name belong.

Praise him in the hours of trial,
Then when Sin and Misery threat;
Praise him in the mortal sweat;
Give his great call no denial,
Who the outcast soul receives.
Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

XXVI.

Easter Time.

"AUF, IHR CHRISTEN, LASST UNS SINGEN."

Melody,—"Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme."

Up, ye Christians, join in singing,
And praises to our Saviour bringing;
For risen is the Conqueror.
Lo! his march is now undoubted,
And all the powers of Death are routed;
Lo! open is the sepulchre.

O fair and glorious beam!
O joy in fullest stream!
Hallelujah!
With hero might
He wins the fight,
And scatters all the hosts of night.

Though inheriting corruption,
Yet now we see our great adoption;
And death is but life's opening door.
Now that Jesus has the better,
Broken is the spoiler's fetter;
We go to Him who went before.
The body wastes at death;
The spirit feels no scath.
Hallelujah!
From pain and fate
Emancipate,
We enter our divine estate.

XXVII.

"AUS GNADEN SOLL ICH SELIG WERDEN."

MELODY, — "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten."

BY J. G. W. FORSTMANN.

[Another hymn is in the Psalm Books, with the same first line and to the same tune, ascribed to Christian Ludwig Scheitz, 1742.]

FROM Grace alone descends the blessing,
And I am safe and reconciled;
For no desert of my possessing,
The Father owns me for his child.
Through my Redeemer I am pure;
Through Grace my hope is ever sure.

Through Grace; — for who can be deserving
Of what the Saviour Christ has done,
Who, through his cross and passion serving,
For guilty men a pardon won;
When he, who knew no speck of sin,
Chose that sharp road to travel in?

By Grace 'twas done. Revive, ye sinners,
Made clean by what he underwent!
The law-condemned are heaven-winners,
Believing now and penitent.
What gifts, which he alone can bring!
The culprit is a priest and king.

Oh, then, with feelings glad but lowly,
Extol the hope on mercy built!
Presume not on that goodness holy,
And thus be heaping guilt on guilt.
For they who trifle with such love
Shall find their trust a ruin prove.

Help, Lord, through Grace to be confiding;
Be with me when my strength is small;
And, when my treacherous feet are sliding,
Forbid that they should slip to fall.
Thy hold alone keeps man upright,
And shields him from the Tempter's might.

When Grace the soul to glory raises,
With all the saints above the skies,
More nobly, Lord, shall sound its praises
Than here on earth the strain can rise.
For there made perfect I shall shine,
For ever blest, for ever thine.

XXVIII.

"JESU, MEINES LEBENS LEBEN."

BY ERNST CHRISTOPH HOMBURG, 1659.

JESUS, of my life the living,
Of my dying is the death;
For my sake his own self giving,
Yielding up in pangs his breath;
In the deepest shadows lying,
That my soul may know no dying.
Thanks and praises numberless,
Dear Redeemer, be for this.

Thou wert scorned, rejected, hated,
And acquainted well with woe;
For thy brows the thorns were platted; —
Why consent to have it so?
That I might thy joy be sharing,
And a crown immortal wearing.
Thanks and praises numberless,
Dear Redeemer, be for this.

Thou wert willing to be wounded,
That my stripes might healèd be;
Wert with threats and bonds surrounded,
That I might go safe and free;
That my trust might ne'er be shaken,
Thou didst please to hang forsaken.
Thanks and praises numberless,
Dear Redeemer, be for this.

XXIX.

"WARUM BETRÜBST DU DICH, MEIN HERZ?"

[By Hans Sachs, the famous shoemaker poet, about the middle of the sixteenth century.]

Why dost thou vex thyself, my heart?
Why discontented with thy part
Of this world's transient good?
Thy trust be in thy God alone;
For earth and heaven are all his own.

He will not take his presence back;
He knows full well what thou dost lack,
And where thy burdens press:
Thy Father and thy God, he still
Stands by thee in extremest ill.

The foolish boast their golden dust;
In God I meekly put my trust,
With slender means content:
There rests with me the joyous thought,—
Who bide in him can lack in nought.

O God! thou art as rich to-day
As thou hast shown thyself alway;
That is my staff and stay.
Give me but wealth within the breast,
And scatter as thou wilt the rest.

From what must waste I well can part:
With the Everlasting in my heart,
The world's vain lusts flit by;
They offer but a short success,
And lead no step to blessedness.

O Lord, my God! all praise to thee,
That, through thy Son, thou call'st e'en me,
Thy saving health to share.
My spirit fast to thee engage,
And make thyself my heritage!

XXX.

"VON GOTT WILL ICH NICHT LASSEN."

[Written by Ludwig Hembold, during the Plague at Erfurt, in 1563.]

From God I will not sever,
Since he doth ne'er forsake;
But keep the faith for ever
That sacred promise spake.
He reaches me his hand;
He grants his aid and warning
At night as in the morning,—
This well I understand.

When human love and favor
Grow cold, or turn aside,
His kindness will not waver,
While we in him confide.

He helps in all our straits,
Redeems from prison-places,
Sets free from all disgraces,
And snatches from death-gates.

To him will I commit me,
When I am sorely pressed;
E'en then he will permit me
A refuge and a rest.
Confided to him still
Be body, soul, and living,
And life that is his giving;
Do with them what he will!

Praise Him with souls and voices
Who filleth to the brim:
How every hour rejoices
That gives its heart to him!
So use we well the time:
Then shall our joy be telling,
Here in this earthly dwelling,
And more in the upper clime.

XXXI.

"LIEBSTER JESU, WIR SIND HIER."

TOBIAS CLAUSNITZER, 1671.

Dear Redeemer, we are here
On thy word and thee attending.
Grant me thoughts intent and clear,
To thy heavenly precepts bending;
And, from all uncleanness sifted,
Let our hearts to thee be lifted.

All we think, and all we know,
Is with doubt and cloud surrounded,
If thy Spirit do not show
Light revealed and mercy sounded.
Thoughts that to all good would win us
Thou thyself must prompt within us.

Ray of Wisdom glorified,
Light from God's own light appearing,
Make us prompt on every side;
Open heart and mouth and hearing,
Praying, singing, and confessing, —
Let them all draw down a blessing.

—•—

XXXII.

"ICH RUF' ZU DICH, HERR JESU CHRIST."

I CRY to thee, O Christ our Lord!
Oh, hear my supplication!
And graciously this day accord
The sight of thy salvation.
The upright faith I keep in mind,
So that always striving,
In thee living,
I may to all be kind;
The gift is of thy giving.

And let me not in my sure trust,
O Lord! be disappointed:
Nor be the scoff of men unjust,
Who heed not thine Anointed.
And, when I die, on thee alone
May I be strongly founded,
And not grounded
On merits of my own:
My sentence then were sounded.

And make me from my inmost heart
To enemies forgiving,
Forgive me on my own poor part,
And grant a holier living.
Thy word shall be my heavenly food
To feed the soul's want fully,
Teaching truly
How I with heart renewed
May praise and worship duly.

May neither fear nor fond desire
  My soul from thee dissever;
But still a constant mind inspire
  In grief and gladness ever.
From thy free grace the blessing flows,
  Which none can reach by merit,
    Or inherit;
  A true and sweet repose,
When we give back our spirit.

I lie yet struggling in the strife;
  Set help, Lord Christ, before me!
Within thy grace alone is life;
  To strength let that restore me.
Grant in the evil hour to me,
  When flesh and heart are failing,
    Might unquailing;
  And that at last through thee
I may be all-prevailing.

XXXIII.

"HERZLIEBSTER JESU, WAS HAST DU VERBROCHEN?"

JOHANN HEERMANN, 1630.

O DEAREST Saviour! what law hadst thou broken,
That the death-sentence was against thee spoken?
For what wert thou so tortured and reviled,
Thou undefiled?

In mockery robed and crowned, as a false actor,
Scourged like a slave and like a malefactor;
They led thee, amid scorn and malediction,
To crucifixion.

O matchless love! O love beyond conceiving!
That thou shouldst give thyself for our relieving!
What shall I back to thee, Redeemer, render?
What offering tender?

In thankfulness thy goodness will I treasure;
Love thee supremely, and not worldly pleasure;
Do thy will only; all wrong feelings quelling,
Wrong thoughts repelling.

Thou wilt not disregard thy servant wholly,
But view with gracious eye his service lowly:
Thy Spirit strengthen daily thy poor debtor,
To serve thee better.

XXXIV.

At Morning.

"LOB SEY DIR, DER DEN MORGEN."

[Melody first written for "Valet will ich dir geben."]

Praise to thee, who the morning
Didst send us, after night;
We slept, all cares adjourning,
For thou hadst oversight.

Thou, who abroad dost number
The dewdrops and the rays,
Hast quickened in my slumber
The power to work and praise.

Thou, Lord, to me hast given
Whate'er I am or have;
But fast this life is driven,
And hastens to the grave.
Soon vanishes, and wholly,
The way each pilgrim tends;
Yet on it hangs, how truly!
The time that never ends.

Oh, high and dear believing!
I shall at length arise,
Though earth to earth lie cleaving,
The spirit finds the skies.
This let me daily ponder
In hope's grand mystery,—
What, in the bright world yonder,
I may attain to be.

Who stoops and strains for treasure?
It will but cheat the heart.
Who pants for selfish pleasure, —
Its pay, remorse and smart?
Below here, in the earthy,
My spirit shall be clean;
A shrine not all unworthy
Of pure eyes to be seen.

Be brave, my heart! and weary
Grow never in the strife:
The peace of God will cheer ye
With trust and strength and life.
Be vigorous, not complaining;
And every effort bend:
This very day, at waning,
May see the conflict end.

XXXV.

"NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT."

[By Martin Rinkart. It was composed shortly before the close of the Thirty Years' War, 1648; and has been popularly called the German Te Deum.]

All hearts and tongues and hands
Now raise to God thanksgiving,
Who wondrous things hath wrought
For us and all the living;
Who, from our mother's breast
And infant nature down,
E'en to this very hour,
Has countless mercies shown.

The ever-blessing God
Bestow on all our being
A noble peace, glad heart,
And will with his agreeing;

And hold us in his grace,
As on and on we fare;
And fend us from all harm,
All times, and everywhere!

XXXVI.

"O JESU, MEINE ZUVERSICHT."

MELODY, — "Durch Adam's Fall ist ganz verderbt."

From the fifth verse.

STAND by me in this need of mine,
A gracious pity taking:
Lord, free me while in bonds I pine,
And heal me where I'm aching.
Give me thy light that I may see
Myself with wakened senses;
And let thy truth a mirror be,
To show me my offences.

Make softer thou my stubborn heart,
That it may yield before thee;
And, pierced with a repentant smart,
Acceptably implore thee.
Ah! make it, through believing, clean,
For good works ready ever;
Yea, be thyself a guest within,
O strength of my endeavor!

Break off from me all evil bands;
Break off all evil willing;
And what thy holy word commands
Thy Spirit be fulfilling.
In me, let meekness, temperance, —
Those Spirit-fruits, — be growing;
Set right thoughts marching in advance;
Set holy fervors glowing.

'Tis thine in us to will and do,
O Father! as thou carest;
Vouchsafe the strength to carry through
The work thou first preparest.

Let thy sweet peace upon me light;
Spread hopes before, behind me;
So shall I strive as in thy sight,
Fulfilling what's assigned me.

XXXVII.

"ES WOLLE GOTT UNS GNÄDIG SEYN."

May God reveal to us his grace,
And pour his benediction;
And fly before his glorious face
All glooms of earth's affliction!
That we may view his works aright,
And scan his wondrous dealing;
And Jesus Christ's propitious might
Show all the world its healing,
And turn them to the Father.

So thanks to thee, and praise to thee,
Lord God, from every nation!
The song of joy and jubilee
From all the wide creation!
For thou on earth art Judge and King,
And wrong shall not be master;
Thy strong decrees protection bring,
And bind all kindreds faster
To keep thy just commandments.

Let not thy people's praises cease;
Good works their reverence showing;
Their land bring forth its full increase,
Thy word more prosperous growing.
Oh, bless by every holiest name,
The Father, Son, and Spirit!
And come that kingdom with acclaim,
Which all true souls inherit!
Now from your hearts say, Amen.

XXXVIII.

"O GOTT, DU FROMMER GOTT!"

[From a hymn by Johann Heermann, 1630. It was sung by the Prussian army, on the morning of the battle of Leuthen, Silesia, 15th of December, 1757, when it gained a victory over the Austrians, who were three times its number. King Frederick is said to have exclaimed, "What an energy there is in religion!" The words of the piece have no special appropriateness to such an occasion.]

O God, thou faithful God!
  Thou well-spring of all blessing!
In whom we all exist,
  From whom we're all possessing!
Give me a body sound;
  And in it, builded well,
Let an unblemished soul
  And a good conscience dwell.

Afford me will and strength
To do the work assigned me;
Whereto, in my true place,
Thy law may call and find me.
Let it be timely done,
With eager readiness;
And what is done in thee
Have ever good success.

Help me to speak but that
Which I can stand maintaining,
And banish from my lips
The word that's coarse and staining;
And when the duty comes
To speak with earnest stress,
Then grant the needed force
Unmixed with bitterness.

When trouble shall break in,
Let me not turn despairer;
But give a steadfast heart,
And make me a cross-bearer.

When help and comfort fail,
Send to my side the Friend,
Who, closer than a brother,
Shall watch the sorrow's end.

XXXIX.

"AUF MEINEN LIEBEN GOTT."

[Ascribed to Sigismund Weingärtner, 1609.]

I trust my blessed God,
When scourged by sorrow's rod:
He can send strong salvation
In press and tribulation.
Bad fortune can be profit,
For he has ruling of it.

When sin against me fights,
Not that my soul affrights;

On Christ alone I'll stay me,
And at his mercy lay me;
In him is life prevailing,
That will not leave me failing.

By death if I be ta'en,
The dying shall be gain;
There still shall be protection
In Christ the Resurrection;
Though 'twere to-day, to-morrow,
Why make God's care my sorrow?

My Lord Christ Jesus, thou
Out of thy love didst bow
To thy most cruel passion,
For us and our salvation.
Thine agony's brief measures
Secure us endless pleasures.

XL.

"HERR JESU CHRIST, DICH ZU UNS WEND."

(WILLIAM II. OF SAXE WEIMAR, FIRST PRINTED IN 1638.)

LORD Jesus Christ, now towards us bend;
Thy Holy Spirit on us send;
With help and grace our spirits sway,
And lead us in thine own right way.

Unclose the lips for praises due;
Prepare the heart for worship true;
The faith increase; the mind make bright;
That we may read thy name aright;

Till we're singing with angel chord:
"Holy, holy is God the Lord;"
And see thee, through the blest employ,
In holy light and endless joy.

XLI.

"WACH AUF, MEIN HERZ, UND SINGE."

PAUL GERHARDT, 1649.

Wake up, my heart, elater
To sing the All-Creator!
Who every blessing giveth;
In whom all safety liveth.

He only, when I quiver,
Can graciously deliver;
And keep me when the palling
Of night's vast shade is falling.

Thou will'st an offering worthy;
How can I come before thee?
I can but bow me lowly,
With thanks and homage holy.

Thou who the heart discernest,
Its least gift never spurnest.
Thou know'st that my poor coffer
Has nothing else to offer.

Say yes to my endeavor,
And let it find thy favor;
O Lord! turn to my winning
The end from the beginning.

Accept the vows I'm telling,
And make my soul thy dwelling;
Thy word my food bestowing,
While heavenward I am going.

XLII.

"LOBE DEN HERRN, DEN MÄCHTIGEN KÖNIG DER EHREN."

[JOACHIM NEANDER, 1679. A very popular hymn, and a special favorite of Friedrich Wilhelm III. of Prussia.]

PRAISE the Almighty, — The King of a glory unbounded!
Praise, O my spirit, with choirs of angels surrounded!
Join the full throng;
Wake, harp and psalter and song;
High be the thanksgiving sounded!

Praise the Almighty, o'er all things who regally reigneth! —
Who, as on wings of an eagle, uplifteth, sustaineth, —

Who giveth food,
All gladness and safety and good:
Thanks for what was, — what remaineth.

Praise the Almighty, who skilfully for thee provided;
Who lent thee thy health and strength, and then graciously guided!
What need or grief
For them hath failed of relief
Who under his feathers abided?

Praise the Almighty! thy lowly state visibly tending,
Down from the heavens his streams of benevolence sending;
Think of it, man!
Think what Omnipotence can,
Its love all around thee bending.

Praise the Almighty! that living name, praise
with emotion;
All things that have breath, that holy name praise
in devotion!
He is thy light;
Soul, keep it ever in sight:
Praise him for evermore. Amen.

XLIII.

"WENN WIR IN HÖCHSTEN NÖTHEN SEIN."

PAUL EBER.

[Printed in 1547, after the overthrow of the Protestants at Mühlberg, and the advance of Charles V. upon Wittemberg; where, of all the professors, only Eber, with Bugenhagen and Creutziger, remained behind in the city, putting their trust in God. The melody is of French-Calvinistic origin.]

WHEN all our way is hedged around,
And out or in no path is found;
Of help or counsel there is nought,
Though late and early it be sought,—

Then this must be our trust alone,
That we, together and as one,
May cry, O faithful Lord! to thee
For rescue from our misery,

And lift to Heaven our heart and eye
With true contrition's sorest sigh.
To all our sins be pity sent,
And soften all their chastisement!

Look not upon them, though so great;
Absolve us from their guilt and fate;
Stand by us in the pains we bear;
Strike off the yokes and chains we wear.

Lo! for the grace of each free gift,
Shall grateful hearts their praise uplift;
And, subjects to thy saving word,
Here and hereafter bless the Lord.

XLIV.

"AUF, AUF, MEIN HERZ, MIT FREUDE."

Up, up, my heart, with gladness
Receive this wondrous sight!
God bids the gloom and sadness
Break up in glorious light.
My Saviour's bed was made
Where I, too, shall be laid,
When once the spirit freed
Shakes off all earthly need.

The tomb is closed around him,
'Mid shouts of wild disdain;
But scarce his foes have bound him,
When Christ walks free again.

Forth comes he from the dead,
With victor-banner spread;
And they who saw him die
Now "Hallelujah!" cry.

If hell its whole crew rallies
To rave and threat and stare,
I mock at all their malice,—
They cannot crisp a hair.
The might of death meanwhile
I meet as with a smile;
And all that makes afraid
Is but a shape of shade.

Now let the rough world hate me,
And threat to work me woe,
And strip and desolate me;
Then taunting, leave me so.
Now troubles trouble nought,
In look or heart or thought;
Misfortunes fortune seem,
And night is noontide beam.

My being he embraces,
As body nurtures limb;
And, through whatever places,
He bears me still with him.
Now no world's want is found,
And sin and death lie bound:
Secure in his defence,
I drive all terrors hence.

He brings me to the portal
That opens into bliss;
Where, graved in words immortal,
This golden Scripture is:
The scorned for my sake there
My glory here shall share;
They wear my crown and wreath
Who went with me to death.

XLV.

"JESUS CHRISTUS, UNSER HEILAND."

CHRIST, the Saviour, our Prince all-hailed,
Who gloriously prevailed,
Is now uprisen,
Delivered from death's prison,
Praise ye the Risen One!

He who was free from all sin-stain
Bore for us blows and pain:
That mediation
Brought us God's exaltation.
Praise ye the Risen One!

Jesus reigns through Him of all might,
Awaked from grave and night;
He's life unending
To all on him attending.
Praise to the Risen One!

XLVI.

"DU, O SCHÖNES WELT GEBAÜDE."

MELODY, — "Alle Menschen müssen sterben."

JOH. FRANK.

THOU, O fair Creation-building!
Let them joy in thee who may;
All thy light-spun show and gilding
Cloud with grief their best display.
Leave to him, the heaven-despiser,
Bliss that makes the soul no wiser:
My great wish is but to be,
Jesu, saving-health, with thee.

Weary ones, with serving cumbered,
Faint with burdens and the sun,
Wish the hours more swiftly numbered,
And the day to darkness run;

That, when many toils had pressed them,
They might sweetly, softly rest them:
My great wish is but to be,
Jesu, my repose, with thee.

Others may, through breakers roaring,
And 'mid cliffs and tempests, ride;
And, for traffic and for storing,
Want and danger boldly bide:
Wings of faith shall bear me fearless
To the heavens, calm and tearless.
Jesu, thou alone shalt be
End of pilgrimage to me.

Come, O Death! of sleep the brother,
Leave my rudder to the sand;
From one slumber to another;
Final port and better land.
Whom thou wilt, thou art free to frighten,
Me thou shalt but ease and lighten;
For it is alone through thee
I can with my Saviour be.

XLVII.

SIMEON'S LOBGESANG.

"MIT FRIED UND FREUD FAHR ICH DAHIN."

MARTIN LUTHER, 1524.

In joy and peace I onward fare
With God so willing;
Both heart and sense the blessing share,
Soft distilling;
For so God hath promised me:
The grave is turned to sleeping.

And this hath Christ the Saviour wrought,
Son of the Highest;
Whom to my eyes thou, Lord, hast brought
Drawing nighest,
That he the life and health may be
In suffering and in dying.

Him hast thou over all things set
In loving-kindness;
His kingdom makes the world forget
All its blindness,
Through thy dear and wholesome word,
Which everywhere hath sounded.

Salvation he, and blessed ray
For heathen races,
To show to those who lack and stray
Feeding-places.
He of thy folk Israel
Is glory, joy, and blessing.

XLVIII.

"CHRISTEN ERWARTEN IN ALLERLEI FÄLLEN."

CHRISTIAN LUDWIG EDELING (Lehrer des Gr. Zinzendorf), 1714.

CHRISTIANS may find in each scene of commotion
The succor of Christ's all-encompassing hand;
'Mid the rush of the winds, and the dash of the ocean,
Their station is high on the firm-seated land;
And when the deep shadows of sorrow benight them,
That sadness and blackness shall little affright them.

Right hand and left be the enemy trooping,
Round us the flash and the stroke of their sword,
Why should the head of the Christian be drooping,
Bright at his heart with the form of his Lord?
Shouting and tumult their cry may be raising,
We the All-righteous are evermore praising.

Stripped of thy seed-corn, O earth, when thou starvest!
Garden, field, orchard, bereft of their fruits;
Hail beating down the full ears of the harvest;
Trees on the hillsides all scorched at the roots, —
Still be thou, man, patient truster and waiter;
Yield the rule of the world to its righteous Creator.

Many consume, with their anxious distresses,
Vigor and health and the span of their date;
While the Most High, in his council's recesses,
Wraps up the When and the Where of their fate.
Is it not all but a profitless sorrow,
Feeble of heart, that you hasten to borrow?

Doubting and caring disfigure the pious;
Hoping, confiding, are honored on high:
Soul, have the peace that our cares would deny us;
Cheer! and the hellish foe scorn and defy.
Though help from above may seem ready to vanish,
Trust in the Lord, and complaining thoughts banish.

Good most besought, and a manifold blessing,
Follow thee on till thy rest in the ground;
Thence, and far on, hope immortal possessing,
How should a place for misgiving be found?
Stillness and peace be thy patient endeavor:—
So speaks the will of the Blessed Forever.

—•—

XLIX.

"FAHRE FORT, FAHRE FORT."

JOH. EUSEBIUS SCHMIDT, 1704.

ONWARD go, onward go,—
Zion, onward go in light;
On, with lustre never paling;
Keep thy first love true and bright.
Seek the fountains never failing;
Zion, through the narrow gateway, ho!
Onward go, onward go.

Patient bear, patient bear, —
Zion, patient bear — nor shrink —
Sorrow, pain, and hate, and scorning;
Faithful down to death's dark brink,
Look for joy to crown the morning;
Zion, though the serpent's fang should tear,
Patient bear, patient bear.

Follow not, follow not, —
Zion, follow not the call,
Setting selfish aims in motion,
Rank and gold and pleasures all.
Earnest watch and deep devotion,
Zion, save thee from the tempted lot:
Follow not, follow not.

Try aright, try aright, —
Zion, try the spirits each,
Calling on the different-sided;
Heed not what they bid or teach;

By thy star alone be guided!
Zion, both — the black one and the white —
Try aright, try aright.

Inward press, inward press, —
Zion, inward press to God;
Strengthen thee to spirit-uses,
Nor, like others, rest a clod.
Be like generous vintage-juices:
Zion, for strong truth, not show and dress,
Inward press, inward press.

Still hold out, still hold out, —
Zion, hold out faithfully;
No one lukewarm, sluggish, find thee!
Up! the promised prize to see.
Up! and leave what lies behind thee:
Zion, when Death's terrors close about,
Still hold out, still hold out.

L.

"AN DIR ALLEIN, AN DIR HAB' ICH GESÜNDIGT."

From the Berliner Gesangbuch.

AGAINST thee, Lord, thee only, my transgression;
The evil that I think and do.
Thou seest the sins that scare confession;
Lord, look upon their sorrow too.

My prayer, my sigh, are not before thee hidden;
Thou numberest all the tears I shed.
O God, my God! how long shall I lie chidden,—
Thy face be clouded, overhead?

Lord, be not strict to number my offences,
Nor every sin to judgment bring;
Let pardoning looks shine upon troubled senses,
Thou God of all long-suffering.

Thou wouldst console me with thy grace right early,
Who hast for ever mercy had:
Grant me the peace of those thou choosest nearly,
Loving to make the mournful glad.

Lead me thy ways with joy and heed to measure,
And train me in thy statutes high;
Subdue me to perform thy whole good pleasure,—
The Sovereign, thou; the servant, I.

Lord, haste to my defence, from danger leading,
And show me the true path and goal.
He hears my moan, he listens to my pleading,
He brings acceptance to my soul.

LI.

"GOTT IST MEIN LIED."

CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT.

From his "Geistlichen Oden und Liedern," 1757.

God is my song,
With sovereign power tremendous;
Great is his name, his works are all stupendous,
And all the heavens to him belong.

He wills and speaks:
So stands and moves Creation;
At his rebuke, from its high habitation
The proudest world to nothing breaks.

Unending sway,
A sea of blessednesses
That no beginning saw, and never ceases!
O Lord! what thee resemble may?

All things that are
In heaven or earth or waters
Are known of him. Existence and her daughters
Are seen, as present, from afar.

To thee he's nigh,
Whether thou risest up or sittest;
If o'er the seas or up to heaven thou flittest,
His viewless spirit is close by.

He knows my prayer,
And my deep need of blessing;
And, whether I am faithful or transgressing,
He hastens to be gracious there.

No thought of mine
But with thee holds connection:
Lord, evermore shall each heartfelt reflection
Speak out, and sing some praise of thine.

The fruitful land,
Green pastures where thou leadest,
Day, night, and joy, the corn and wine thou spreadest,
Are gifts we borrow from thy hand.

No sparrow falls
Without divine disposing:
Should not in this my spirit find reposing,—
Thy hand directs, thy pleasure calls?

God on my side,
With him for my defender,
Nor earth nor sky I ask their help to render:
The powers of hell are all defied.

LII.

"GIEB DICH ZUFRIEDEN UND SEY STILLE."

From the Berliner Gesangbuch.

TRANQUILLY yield thee, — peace possessing
In Him in whom thy being liveth:
He is the fulness of all blessing;
All thy care else nothing giveth.
He is the source
Of bliss the purest;
The radiant force
Of sunshine surest.
Tranquilly yield thee.

The God of peace and consolation
Loves and pities as a father:
No ill can harm with such relation,
Though the heaviest tempests gather.

Cross, woe, and want
Find God's protection;
And Death's grim front
Owns God's direction.
Tranquilly yield thee.

Does promised help seem false or erring?
Come it will, or soon or later;
Does heart grow sick with long deferring?
This but makes the meed the greater.
No hasty sprout
Puts forth securely;
The time and fruit
Must come maturely.
Tranquilly yield thee.

There can and must be no exemption;
All that lives and moves must suffer:
The fairest lot has no redemption
From the sharper and the rougher.

Where's house or nook
The fable telling, —
"Grief never shook
This quiet dwelling"?
Tranquilly yield thee.

But yet there comes a day of resting;
God will all these steep ways level,
Of chains and pains the heart divesting,
Freeing us from every evil.
Death soon will come
Whom Heaven sendeth;
In that still doom
All trouble endeth.
Tranquilly yield Thee.

The Lord doth join thee to those legions
Of the souls in peace departed
Who behold the blessed regions,
No more tossed or heavy-hearted.

Who patient bear
The cross that's weighing,
Soon come to hear
The gracious saying,
"Tranquilly yield thee."

LIII.

"GOTT IST MEIN HIRT: WAS MANGELT JEMALS MIR?"

Schaffhauser und N. Basler Gesangbuch.

GOD is my shepherd: how then can I need?
I follow with glad will.
On grassy banks he leads me out to feed
Beside the waters still.
He cheers the soul with grace the purest;
He guides the heart in ways the surest,
With shepherd care.

When down the darkening vale I move and look,
No peril shall affright,
For thou art by my side; thy shepherd crook
Shall soothe and guard that night.
Though envious foes should scorn and spite me,
To feasts of joy thou dost invite me
At thy blest board.

With holy oil thou dost anoint my head;
My cup, it runneth o'er.
Thou Shepherd, who thus far dost fend and feed,
Wilt still do all and more.
While here, I feel thy comforts ever;
When there above, no time shall sever
My soul from thee.

LIV.

"GOTT WILL'S MACHEN DASS DIR SACHEN."

Eig. Mel. or Ringe recht, wenn Gottes Gnade.

[JOH. DAN. HERRNSCHMIDT. First printed in Freylingh. Gesangbuch.]

GOD so guides us, What betides us
He makes wholesomest and best.
Waves still nigher May swell higher
If Christ's peace be in thy breast.

Trust securely That full surely
Good is evermore designed;
In God's fiat Rest thou quiet;
Then, whate'er thou needest, find.

Thoughts are crossing, Wavering, tossing;
Sink thou into tranquil flow;
His care be it To o'ersee it,
Lord of each day's joy and woe.

When the hour Has reached its power,
Help breaks forth with ready might.
And, ashaming Foolish blaming,
Shows at once that all was right.

Yield thee, bearing Load and tearing,
Sweetly calm, and lowly bent.
If refusing That strict using,
We but heap up chastisement.

Thou, who fearful Yet, and tearful,
Dost embrace the Saviour's yoke,
To his throning And his crowning
And his many mansions look.

LV.

"GOTT IST TREU UND ALLE MORGEN NEU."

From the Berliner Gesangbuch.

MELODY, — "Auferstehen, ja auferstehen."

GOD is true;
And every morning new
His endless truth I view.
Be ever glowing
My thanks for all its showing,
Renewed each day,
Like its own ray.

God is true:
With promise unforgot,
His own he faileth not.
In hours distressing,
Firm to his covenant-blessing,
He comes, and we
His promise see.

God is true:
Whate'er he purpose should,
It must be wise and good.
His voice not uttered
In wrath, and threatenings muttered,
All love I hear;
Then wherefore fear?

God is true:
From him is all our might;
His charge keeps all in sight.
When faith scarce flashes
Beneath its sunken ashes,
He wakes its force
And wings its course.

God is true;
O Word of sweetest grace
Be rock and refuge-place!

Though all prove vainest,
My joy thou still remainest.
When time is past
This Word stands fast.

LVI.

"WIE SCHNELL VERSTRICH, O HERR VOLL MILD UND HULD."

From the Berliner Gesangbuch. In eigener Melodie.

How swift, O Lord, most kind, most bountiful!
Has flown a large part of this mortal living!
Should I, of all thy love, a full account be giving,
How vast would stand my debt in sense and soul!

O Father, God! how gracious to bestow
Gifts fair and full upon me undeserving!
And did there fall some grief, the soul unnerving,
It was that I should not presumptuous grow.

Yea, to thy loving-kindness thou hast stood
For ever faithful; but I oft have broken
The solemn word the tongue and heart have spoken.
Forgive, for thou hast known how it was rued!

So much already lent of this life's whole
Should have advanced me far in ways the highest;
But, oh, how powers of flesh will press the nighest,
And still how weak and backward hangs the soul!

Oft think I, if those many vanished days
That have, in folly and in worse, been wasted,
Could be brought back, or might have longer lasted,
Oh, how much better they would meet thy gaze!

Yet, might I not thy gracious favor find,
No saving health could ever be my portion;
And life's remainder, like a vain abortion,
Would pass no better than the days behind.

Wouldst thou see fruit on branches dry and sere,
There must come down from heaven creating power:
My whole redemption, Lord, is of thy dower,
My sense and soul, my being and my sphere.

On, on, ye flying years! still onward bear
To reach your goal, and with a double fleetness;
I would not stay you for your earthly sweetness;
The sooner gone from hence, the sooner there.

The longer, Lord, I tread this mortal land,
The fuller grant thy glad illumination;
And my poor light burn clearer on its station
Till I transfigured be at thy right hand.

LVII.

"WER BIN ICH, HERR, IN DEINEM LICHT?"

From the Berliner Gesangbuch.

MELODY, — "Ihr Seelen sinkt," etc.

WHO am I in thy light, O Lord?
Know I myself as thou dost know me?
And, if I for thine own should show me,
Would nought within belie my word?

And is thy yoke borne cheerly still?
And is thy law my chosen, sainted?
Or is my foolish heart contented
With idle wish for steadfast will?

Appear I always what I am?
And am I what I am pretending?
Know I what way my course is bending?
And sound my word and thought the same?

Abashed, O Lord! make me to be,
If e'er untrue thy Spirit found me!
Thou, who in heart and mind dost sound me,
From every falseness set me free.

Still hold, O Lord! my eyes awake,
And keep my feet still persevering:
The spirit would be onward steering;
The timid flesh would falter back.

Thou, who the sovereign Helper art,
Wilt never leave the weak forsaken:
Beneath thy strong arm they are taken,
Till fast and sure are step and heart.

Of life the inner Life be thou
Come, of my spirit be the Spirit!
Let no false wishes disinherit
The heart wherein thou rulest now.

LVIII.

"FRÖHLICH SOLL MEIN HERZE SPRINGEN."

From the Gemeinschaftliches Gesangbuch.

PAUL GERHARDT.

Nach eigener Melodie; oder, "Warum sollt' ich," &c.

JOYFUL be my spirit singing,
On the day, With the lay
Of the angels ringing.
Heaven and Earth, spread wide your hearing;
Shouting cry, All the sky,
"Christ is now appearing."

How can God look on despising,
Who thus gives Him that lives,
Dear beyond all prizing?
God, to light the world's dark story,
Sends his Son From the throne
Of his might and glory.

Now he lies within his manger,
Calling thus All of us,
Sweetly, in our danger:
"Brothers dear, now learn to banish
Fears that rack; Stores that lack
My grace shall replenish."

Ho! draw nigh with free petitions,
Great and small, One and all
Climates and conditions!
Love him who with love is glowing;
See the star, Now not far,
Light and peace bestowing.

When the heart with grief is swelling,
Lo! a door Opens o'er
To the upper dwelling:
Mark it well, and it shall guide thee
To the place Where no face
Glooms or threats beside thee.

When the load of sorrow presses,
When your sin Deeper in
Pricks with its distresses, —
Courage! if near him thou keepest,
Who is made Healing aid
Where thy wounds are deepest.

Ye forlorn, the poor and needy,
Hither flee, Footsteps free,
Hands of faith held steady.
Here are all good gifts and treasures,
And the gold, All heart-told
In the Spirit's measures.

Let me, Lord, be duty doing,
To thee near While I'm here,
With thee homeward going:
There shall hope be always vernal;
No alloy With the joy
Of the life eternal.

LIX.

"IN DICH HAB ICH GEHOFFET, HERR."

Eigene Melodie.

[ADAM REUSSNER, b. 1471. Among the many hymns composed by him this paraphrase of the 31st Psalm is the best known.]

ON thee, O Lord, my hopes I lean!
From foul reproaches quit me clean,
Nor let deep shame around me gather.
I crave of thee Enrolled to be
Among the true, O Father.

Thy gracious ear, O Lord, bow down
My prayer to hear, my vow to crown;
Make haste to my relieving.
In pain or woe I lie or go,
Be pitying and receiving.

God, my defender, stand thou by;
My fortress be; and strong supply
And knightly heart be found me;
Then let them close A host of foes
On every side, around me.

Thou art my rock, my mountain, Lord,
My shield, my strength,—so sounds thy word,
My life, my helping, saving:
My God indeed In every need.
What hurts me by its raving?

The world oft cheats my ears and eyes
With counterfeits and wiles and lies;
It weaves its nets, ensnaring.
Extend thy power In danger's hour,
The mesh of malice tearing.

To thee I yield my soul and lot;
My God, my God, forsake me not;
In thy hand's hollow hold me.
O heavenly arm, Preserve from harm
When earth's last shades enfold me.

LX.

"GEDULD! WIE SEHR DER STURM AUCH WEHT."

From the Berliner Gesangbuch.

MELODY, — Preis. Lob. Ehx., &c.

FOR patience, when the rough winds blow!
For patience, when our hopes are fading,
When visible things all backward go,
And nowhere seems the power of aiding!
God still enfolds thee with his viewless hand,
And leads thee surely to the Fatherland.

For patience! after bitter ways
Thy forward path will bloom with blessing.
Faith boldly sets its foot and gaze,
O'er heights and depths its errands pressing.
Thro' vales of humblest thought it journeys down,
Thence trusts in God to mount and reach its crown.

For patience, heart, till he shall call,
His "Enter ye," benignly saying:
And though the world shall break and fall,
Hold on, confiding, watching, praying;
For soon it ends; all need of patience o'er;
Each step still nearer to the Father's door.

LXI.

"WUNDERBARER KÖNIG."

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1697.

[The slight irregularity that may be observed here belongs to the original piece, and is not a liberty of the translator.]

Wondrous King Almighty,
Ruler of all being,
Bend to us thy whole decreeing!
Fatherly thy goodness
Drops on all around us;
Though transgressors it has found us.

Help us still; Strengthen, fill;
Set our tongues to singing,
Loftiest praises bringing.

Heavens, praise in splendor
Your Creator's doing
More than all man's lordly showing!
Great Day-luminary,
Walk thy paths of duty;
Paint the whole vast round with beauty.
Shine afar, Moon and star!
Be not cold or halting,
Such a Lord exalting.

Earth and air and waters
And the whole creation
Are thy goodness' path and station.
Thy long-suffering patience,
With new evidences,
Shines the more on soul and senses.

Oh, how wide Soar and glide,
With benign dominion,
Ranges of its pinion!

Oh, awake, my spirit!
Sing with joyful singing;
Give thy faith its upward motion.
What hath vital current
Set its music ringing;
Cast thee down in deep devotion.
Praise be poured To the Lord!
He, the Holiest, Highest,
Draws to us the nighest.

Hallelujah bring we,
Who before him gather
And in Christ proclaim him Father!
Hallelujah sing we,
To the Saviour cleaving
With the love of true believing!

Oh, how well, Saints shall tell,
When, in heavenly places,
Sin no more defaces!

LXII.

"EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

[This famous Psalm of Martin Luther's may rather be said to spring out of the 46th than to be founded on it, or to paraphrase it. It was probably composed in 1529, after the Imperial Diet at Speyer, which started the name of Protestant.

The present translator was not aware, when he undertook the work, that it had been already done by Dr. F. H. Hedge. Nothing further was needed; and he would withhold what he has written, but that a piece of so much renown should not be missing among these specimens.]

Our God, he is a fortress-tower
And armor to defend us.
In all this press of hostile power
Deliverance he will send us.
The old and wily foe
Is bent to work us woe.

With might and many wiles,
He smites and he beguiles;
On earth there's not his fellow.

With our own strength we nothing can;
We soon sink down dejected.
There battles for us the right Man,
Whom God himself elected.
Ask who this can be?
Jesus Christ is he;
Lord Sabaoth his name,
Which God alone can claim;
He holds the field for ever.

Though earth all full of devils were,
All ramping to devour us,
We would not fear for their mad stir:
They could not overpower us.
The prince of this world,
Grimmest signs unfurled,

No harm now can do;
He's judged, with all his crew.
One little word can fell him.

No thanks to them who do their worst,
The word can ne'er go under;
Christ comes against their spite accurst,
With gift and sign and wonder.
Strip they may of life,
Goods, name, child, and wife:
Let them plot and strain!
They can achieve no gain;
God's kingdom must stand for us.

LXIII.

"O WUNDERGROSSER SIEGESHELD."

ERNST CHRISTOPH HOMBURG, 1658.

MELODY, — "Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern."

O GLORIOUS Saviour, conquering King,
Destroyer of Death's doom and sting!
To-day behold thee seated
At God's right hand of majesty:
Thy foes thy suppliants forced to be,
To endless rout defeated.
Might, thou, Light, thou
Conquest bearest, Empire wearest;
Death and living
Subject to thy will and giving.

Thee shall the choirs of Cherubim
And all the holy Seraphim

Extol with praises, praises:
Who gifts to men dost scatter down,
While upward, to thy seat and crown,
Thy look immortal gazes.
Sing ye, Ring ye
Strains transcending, Lowly bending.
We are nighest
As the risen rises highest.

Thou art the head, the members we,
And down from thence flow full and free
Light, life, and consolation.
The Holy Spirit's wondrous might,
That works in us the good and right,
Will be, for us, salvation.
Reach me, Teach me,
Firmly pressing Word and blessing.
Fit me duly,
That my heart may serve thee wholly.

Oh, lift us, Lord, where thou art gone,
Help, that we all may on and on
Thy heavenly footsteps follow.
Lead us to seek what pleaseth thee;
Of this low world, to scorn and flee
The wishes base and hollow.
Cheer us, Clear us,
Help-supplier, Sanctifier!
All pains ended,
Join my soul to thee, ascended.

LXIV.

"ZEUCH UNS NACH DIR, SO EILEN WIR."

LUDAMELIA ELIZABETH; GRÄFIN VON SCHARZBURG-RUDOLSTADT. GEST. 1672.

MELODY, — "Ach Gott und Herr, Wigross und schwer."

DRAW us to thee, So we shall flee,
All eager, earnest-hearted,
Where thou art found, O Christ, enthroned,
Out from these scenes departed.

Draw us to thee! Ah, lovingly
From low affections winning;
That we, no more, Be o'er and o'er,
Our webs of trouble spinning.

Draw us to thee, Lord Christ, and be
Our guide at every station;
Else, lured aside Or terrified
From paths of thy salvation.

Draw us to thee, That following free
Thy step to heavenly borders,
The stir and roar Distress no more
Of this bad world's disorders.

Draw us to thee, To seek and see
Thy heaven of truth reflected;
And oh, impart The glowing heart
That kindles thine elected.

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